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Invasion: First Phase

WE HAVE BEGUN. The train of consequences set in motion by the successful landings in Sicily will stretch beyond Sicily—beyond Italy itself—to the very heart of the Nazi power. The road of invasion will still be hard, and very likely long: but at least we have made a beginning of it.

And a good beginning. There are still grave questions about our strategy as a whole that cannot be dismissed, and a democracy which did not keep asking them would fail in its function. But, given the major strategy of choosing Sicily as our taking-off point rather than attempting landings directly on the Continent, we have done well, and have reason to feel proud of our armed forces.

This on two counts. First, we have done again something we did in the North African landings, but this time on a larger scale and more perfectly: the planning, assemblage and execution of a vast amphibian operation. Second, we have done something new—not only for the first time in this war, but for the first time in any war—the mass invasion of *enemy* territory by a sea-borne land force, synchronized with air and naval attacks. And let it be added that this territory, while geographically an island, is politically and psychologically part of the Continent.

There is too much ahead, and the battle is still in too perilous a phase, to allow much time for national pride. Yet we would be more than human if we did not, even in the midst of battle, express satisfaction at the technical accomplishment itself. The forming of the whole plan, the preliminary punishment from the air, the assemblage of thousands of ships (many of them specially built for just such landings), the use of gliders and of parachute troops, the destruction of enemy batteries by naval bombardment, the timing of the landing operations—all these are something for national pride. The fact that this is a combined operation, although under an American general, is an increased reason for pride. What it means is that we have not only achieved coördination within our own forces, but—what is more important—among United Nations forces.

But beyond organizing ability and technical genius, there is another meaning in the Sicilian invasion. It puts an end to the fears that we were basing our grand strategy on a dream and a hope—the dream of an aerial blitz of the Continent, the hope that German morale would succumb to air attack. With a full use of the new instrument of air power, we are nevertheless fighting not a soft but a hard war, without any wishful short cuts. While the casualties in Sicily are, at the present writing, reported as relatively light, there can be little doubt that Italian troops on Italian soil will fight better than in North Africa, and that Hitler will not give Italy away cheaply. Much more American blood will be shed on the road to Berlin.

All this does not mean that we have any reason for complacency on our role in the war. There are perhaps

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eight enemy divisions in Sicily—six of them Italian, two German. Hitler has 218 divisions, both German and satellite, on the Russian front. The comparison is a sobering one. It is anyone's guess as to why Hitler chose this moment to open his offensive against the Russians. He may not, of course, have reckoned with our actually landing in Sicily. But it is more likely that he expected something of the sort; and that he also counts on our not landing in force on the Continent itself for some time, and is therefore taking another fling at the Russians before he turns to confront us. Such a view is strengthened by the distinct note of disappointment in recent Russian official utterances, and by the fact that the Russian ambassadors to both London and Washington are now in Moscow for consultations.

In short, in terms of Russian expectations it is very doubtful whether Sicily is *the* second front. Nor should this be viewed mainly in terms of Russian expectations. Russia is itself today only a crucial phase of a coalition war against the Nazis. The decisive thing is not to help Russia but to destroy the German power as quickly, as effectively, as economically in lives and resources as possible. To fling all our strength and will into this task will not only mean that Russia will not be bled so much, but will mean the saving of countless American lives.

From this standpoint the Sicilian invasion is, as President Roosevelt pointed out, the "beginning of the end"—provided that we underline the word *beginning*. It is not the invasion itself: it is the opening phase of an operation which in its full swing will be the invasion. Without our control of Sicily, any operation from the Mediterranean side of Hitler's *Festung-Europa* would be extremely perilous. With it, our forces will be able to fan out—either thrusting at Southern France, or moving up into Italy itself to knock her out of the war, or (after engaging the Italian navy) crossing the Adriatic into Yugoslavia.

But beyond the Mediterranean front itself, great military decisions are in the air. The best strategists have all along felt that an invasion from the Mediterranean can only be an auxiliary thrust, although an important one: and that the major thrust must come from Britain toward northern and northwestern Europe. Secretary Stimson's presence in England would seem to show that some such plans, involving American forces, are being made. Attack from these two directions, along with an offensive by the Russians, should suffice to do the job.

The meaning of Sicily lies thus not only on the map of Europe but on the map of Allied coördination and on the map of our own will. Sicily means that, despite the experience of Dieppe, invasion is possible. That lesson must now bear its fruit in a series of thrusts from every direction, until the deadly Nazi quarry is tracked down, and we are in on the kill.

What Next?

After landing in Sicily, where will the United Nations strike next? Many of the speculations about our military action have been based on an inadequate assessment of the basic characteristics of Allied strategy. These are now beginning to assume form, and it is a good idea to try to size them up before venturing predictions.

Our strategy, as judged by the actions so far taken and the military men responsible for it, seems bold, but not brilliant or adventurous. It is based on two assumptions—first, that we face a very formidable enemy, but second, that before too long we can bring to bear overwhelming resources of weapons and manpower. Therefore our role is not to take long chances or conduct dashing campaigns like those of Rommel in Africa. It is not even to outguess the enemy, or to rely on his failure to outguess us. It is rather to assemble unbeatable forces, make thorough preparations and move when success is as nearly sure as anything in war can be. And it is not to concentrate all these forces on a single thrust, making feints in other directions to deceive our opponents. We do not have to follow the "either-or" method. Our resources permit, rather, the mobilization of sufficiently strong armies in numerous theatres, so that it makes little difference whether the enemy is deceived or not. This is a safe and sure strategy for the possessor of the biggest battalions. For, whatever the enemy does, he must be crushed in the end.

We are advancing in the South Seas, we are advancing in Sicily. It may be guessed that when we are quite ready we shall also advance in Burma, along the Aleutians, and in other European theatres such as the Balkans, the north and west of France, the low countries or Norway. We may even advance straight across the Pacific from Midway, or into the Baltic. It may be guessed that each expedition dispatched will be sufficient for its purpose. The one big chance this kind of strategy takes—and it seems less now than a year ago—is that Russia can hold until our full power starts rolling.

On the Russian Front

It would be folly to underestimate the potentialities of the German drive in Russia. Hitler's armies are still extremely powerful and well equipped. It is a military axiom that it is possible to break through almost any defensive line if the attacker is willing to pay a sufficiently high price, and Hitler is just the sort of man to undertake a desperate gamble of that type.

As we point out elsewhere, the invasion of Sicily does little immediately to relieve Russia. The Axis is fighting a retarding action in the Mediterranean and probably will not greatly increase the forces earmarked for that area until our troops are actually ashore on the Continent itself.

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With all due caution, it can be said that at the end of the first week the Russian resistance to the German thrust appeared to be effective. The losses of territory have been small and were offset by counter-offensives. Compared with the situation after one week of the drives in 1942 or 1941, the outlook was encouraging. It remained true, of course, that what would help Russia most of all would be a full-scale invasion of the European continent from the west at one or several points.

The Communists and Mayor Hague

A week ago, writing in The New Masses, Max Lerner urged the Communists to raise their moral standards so that their pronouncements would have some chance of getting a fair hearing from the average American, whose ability to tell truth from sophistry is far higher than the party realizes. The Communists responded to Dr. Lerner's advice by coming out for Mayor Hague of Jersey City, who has suddenly been transmuted from devil to angel by a process familiar in Communist circles. Everybody knows that Mayor Hague is a disgrace to democracy, with a small d or a big one. He hasn't changed in forty years, and never will. The Communists, who are now engaged in a disreputable effort to capture the American Labor Party in New York State by a Trojan Horse device of going over to it wholesale, are trying to prevent the ALP from building an organization in New Jersey.

Quite possibly their tactics may succeed in both states. We hope they don't, and urge our readers in New York and in New Jersey to fight them as strongly as possible. If they win, however, there is no need for progressives to get too downhearted about it. The Communists control no votes but their own, and the wild gyrations of the party line have now shaken off all but the unreasoning hard core of emotional fanatics. While they have influence out of proportion to their numbers, that influence on the whole is waning and was never so great as they pretended. The progressive movement in this country is nationwide; the Communist Party has little real strength outside New York City. Its influence in trade unions is not growing, and would be dwindling rapidly did not the Communists bask in the borrowed glory of Russia's magnificent defense against the Nazis. The party will need a far abler, far more honest leadership than it has if it is ever to become a real factor in American life.

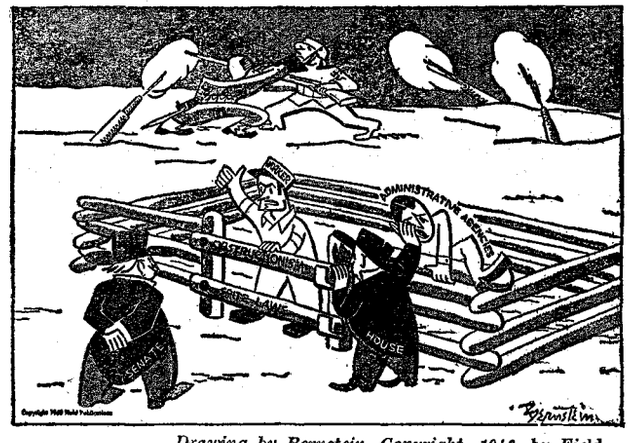
Nazis, Japs and the News

Last week the editors of The New York Daily News must have blushed like raspberry sherbet. Their picture newspaper has by far the largest circulation in the United States; for June the figures were 1,975,000 daily and more than 3,800,000 on Sundays. The News has another distinction too, of a less enviable sort. It has done more to confuse people about the war than any other newspaper in the country, except possibly The Chicago Tribune. Its daily editorial is usually devoted to spreading distrust of our allies. Its chief Washington correspondent, John O'Donnell, is the man who printed the false rumor about immorality among the Wacs. Its "Voice of the People" column, full of anonymous letters, has become a forum for the opinions of all the nightshirt gangs. Last week a copy editor of The News, Frederick Heizer Wright, was indicted by a federal grand jury. The charge against him is that he acted for ten years before Pearl Harbor as a secret agent of the Japanese government.

Wright is the second employee of The News to be charged with disloyal activities. The first was Walker Gray Matheson, who is now serving seven years in a federal prison. The newspaper itself has not been charged with complicity in either affair. As a matter of fact, The News has been almost as anti-Japanese as it has been anti-English, anti-Russian and anti-rationing. It is too rich to be bribed even by the Nazis, and this fact makes it harder to understand why many of its editorials are the sort that please the Nazi heart. A friend of ours was reminded of a statement made by Joseph Hilton Smyth after he was convicted of having accepted a couple of hundred thousand dollars to spread Japanese propaganda. Smyth became incensed at another man named Jordan, who apparently had received no money at all. He said, "I can't understand a man's participation without pay in such a bigoted and vicious propaganda, and against his own country and people." We wonder if Wright feels the same way.

Carey McWilliams

In reorganizing the Fair Employment Practice Committee, of which he is chairman, Monsignor Haas could go a long way toward giving this body the strength, character and intelligence it must have to be of any use at all, by appointing Carey McWilliams of Los Angeles to its membership. McWilliams, a lawyer



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"Hey, Let Us Out! We Wanna Help That Guy!"

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who has become one of the real authorities on problems of racial minorities and migratory labor, did such an honest and effective job as California's Commissioner of Immigration during Governor Olson's administration that the incoming reactionary Governor Warren made it his highly publicized first official act to fire him. McWilliams had already resigned by letter, knowing the impossibility of carrying on his work under the new set-up, but the Governor would not be done out of the pleasure of dismissing a state official who spoke and worked for the rights of Mexicans, Chinese and Japanese in California. McWilliams' recent book, "Brothers Under the Skin," is both an analysis of our national bungling of racial problems in the past and an outline for affirmative national action in the future. There are few men better fitted for work with the FEPC—if, as its new chairman declares, it is going to undertake a vigorous, honest program.

Plane-Engine Scandal

The Truman Committee has just made public some shocking charges having to do with the Lockland, Ohio, plant of the Wright Aeronautical Corporation, a wholly owned subsidiary of the Curtiss-Wright Corporation. The committee charges that this corporation has been delivering to the army defective plane engines, including, for example, those which leaked gasoline. Many of these planes have crashed. The committee says tests were falsified; inspection reports were forged; spare parts were sent out without any inspection at all; army inspectors on the ground were intimidated and afraid to criticize. The committee charges that the army, long ago notified of the facts, has been extraordinarily slow and timid in its own investigation. The company has conducted a heavy advertising campaign, praising to the skies its engines whose performance has been so unsatisfactory. The evidence in this case has been turned over to the War Frauds Division of the Department of Justice. If the situation is even half as serious as the Truman Committee says, prosecution should follow and the guilty individuals should go to jail.

Of Spies and Superman

Listen, you boys who draw Superman: your creation has a real influence over millions of America's children of all ages; so be careful how you use it. It is a mistake to have Superman go into a relocation center to break up a fifth-column spy ring among the interned Japanese—as you have been drawing the strip in recent weeks. You forget that most of the internees in these camps are American citizens, as completely American in their feelings and loyalty as yourselves, even though just now they are a little embittered and bewildered. Whatever small fifth-column sentiment may exist the FBI and the army can take care of, and you can rest assured they have been doing so all along.

North African Politics

THE NEW REPUBLIC is not a de Gaullist organ. Neither is it Giraudist. It is pro-France, by which we mean, pro-democratic France. We are in favor of whatever will most quickly set France free and let her people choose their own government. We believe profoundly that when they do this, the outcome will be entirely satisfactory to democratic Americans.

In regard to what has been done in North Africa, we are not last-ditch idealists. We recognize the sincere desire to save American lives which probably caused General Eisenhower to make his first deal with Darlan. We would not advocate a political purge of the French army if we believed such a purge would seriously cripple its fighting efficiency for the invasion of France, which now seems so much more imminent.

It is in the light of this attitude that we protest most vigorously what the American government is now doing. What possible purpose or justification could President Roosevelt have had for indicating that we will not recognize the French Committee for National Liberation? The President has been engaged in frantic attempts to "build up" General Giraud; but General Giraud is co-chairman of the committee; his prestige is involved just as much as that of General de Gaulle. When Mr. Roosevelt said that there is no France, because French territory is overrun by the Germans, he was guilty of one of the major pieces of ineptitude of his whole career. If this is true, is there then no Netherlands, Belgium or Poland? If there is no France, in what cause have thousands of Frenchmen recently fought and died in North Africa? For what purpose do the millions in the underground daily risk their lives?

The American government has been pouring out, anonymously, hostile propaganda about General de Gaulle. But unluckily, it selected for this purpose officials so stupid and ignorant that they proceeded to cut their own throats. They said simultaneously that de Gaulle is a fascist and that he wants to purge fascist army officers; that he had no support in North Africa and that by some underhanded trick he had caught the loyalty of French youth there.

Apparently de Gaulle's real crime is that he has the good will of Russia. His chief enemies in Washington are evidently those who have always hated Russia more than Germany and want Soviet influence kept to a minimum at the peace table. If these men succeed in their purpose, it seems likely that the third world war will tread close on the heels of the second.

One of the shocking items to be made public recently is a revelation by Demaree Bess in The Saturday Evening Post. Mr. Bess, long known as a State Department apologist, was given special facilities by General Eisenhower, denied to all other correspondents. As a result of his exclusive researches, Mr. Bess says flatly

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that we lied to General Giraud on two occasions before the North African invasion. We promised him the British would not participate, at a moment when British troops were already on the way. We told him, in contradiction to our intentions, that the de Gaullists and the British would not be called in until after a peaceable landing had been followed by a full settlement with the French. One can understand why a government might be trapped into making such false promises; but it is hard to see why any government would then go out of its way to have its sins exposed.

Our State Department policy has been defended on the ground that it might not be moral, but that at least it worked. But pretty clearly, it doesn't work. Eight months after we landed, we haven't got things straight enough to permit the French to participate in the Sicilian landing. A few days ago General Giraud revealed that we haven't yet dared put modern weapons into the hands of the French army. He announced proudly that this would now be done; but at the same moment, the anonymous spokesman for the American government said it was doubtful whether we dared risk it. Dispatches from Algiers since Giraud arrived in Washington say that his followers are rapidly turning into de Gaullists under the impact of our clumsy diplomacy. Dispatches from London express politely the view that our action in slapping Giraud in the face is to be explained only on the ground that we have gone crazy. On the whole, this seems the kindest theory.

The Japanese Americans

IT WAS A PLEASURE to see Dillon S. Myer, Director of the War Relocation Administration, slash the whole fabric of downright lies and irresponsible race-baiting which the Dies Committee has been weaving not only around the WRA and the administration, but also around a loyal and peculiarly helpless minority—Americans of Japanese ancestry. The very restraint, thoroughness and documentation of Mr. Myer's refutation made it all the more devastating and at the same time provided a real foundation for his vigorous denunciation of the committee's antics.

The dignified testimony of the two former officers of the Japanese American Citizens' League, both of whom are now in the army as volunteers with the famous combat unit training at Camp Shelby, disposed of most of the charges against Americans of Japanese ancestry not discussed by Mr. Myer. The Costello Subcommittee of the Dies Committee has been making no distinction between the few possibly disloyal persons of Japanese ancestry who will not be released from the relocation centers and the large majority of loyal American citizens. On the contrary, the news was slanted to induce the public to regard them as enemies, indeed as enemy prisoners of war, instead of the fellow Americans that they are. The ridiculous effort simultaneously to link the Japanese American Citizens' League, a patriotic organization of Americans of Japanese ancestry which has been repeatedly commended for its services by highest officials, both to Communists and to allegedly pro-Axis individuals is a part of the typical persecution of this minority.

All thoughtful Americans will agree with Mr. Myer that the committee has created hate and mistrust by spreading outright falsehood. This hate and mistrust, concludes Mr. Myer, provides the enemy, especially Japan, with material to convince the peoples of the Orient that the United States is undemocratic and is fighting a racial war, undermines the unity of the American people, betrays the democratic objectives for which we are fighting and, as we have recently noted, may jeopardize the very lives of American prisoners held by Japan.

These attacks incidentally smear the FBI and the Army and Navy Intelligence Services. Competent agents of the FBI and of the Army Intelligence and officers of the efficient West Coast Naval Intelligence have found not one American of Japanese ancestry guilty of treasonable activities, but the Dies Committee sees in every nook and cranny of California thousands of well drilled Japanese soldiers and trained saboteurs.

In their satisfaction at seeing the sensational charges of the committee thoroughly refuted, democratic-minded Americans are apt to overlook the effect of the extraordinary publicity given on the West Coast to the most irresponsible and obviously false statements issued by the committee. The activities of the committee are an essential part of the concerted race-baiting campaign of several months' duration against persons of Japanese ancestry. West Coast newspaper readers have only seen the screaming headlines and the lurid front-page articles about alleged Japanese sabotage and aid to invasion armies. The Dies Committee gives a pseudo-official status to these fantasies and extends the campaign to other parts of the country. The refutation of these false stories has not, therefore, seriously hindered the race-baiting, which continues.

So certain are the West Coast race-baiters of their influence that the Costello Subcommittee announced, even before the "hearings" began, that it would issue a report recommending the detention of all persons of Japanese ancestry regardless of loyalty. Chairman Costello is one of the leading West Coast racists.

It is high time that democratic-minded Americans put a stop to this shameless persecution of loyal Americans of Japanese ancestry. We should accelerate the WRA program of resettling loyal persons of Japanese origin, and demand that this country make full use of their extraordinary productivity in agriculture and their proved skills in industry and in the learned professions. Let this minority know that its faith in American democracy has not been in vain.

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The Challenge of Sinarquism

MEXICO'S SINARQUIST MOVEMENT is six years old. It was founded in 1937, in Leon, Guanajuato, has spread throughout Mexico, and crossed the border into California, New Mexico, Arizona, Texas and Colorado, ranging as far northeast as Indiana Harbor, Indiana. In the six years of its history, Sinarquismo has amassed a following of about 700,000 in Mexico, with an undisclosed membership in the United States the estimated size of which varies from the mere 2,000 for the entire country, which the Sinarquistas modestly admit, to 50,000 in Los Angeles alone, claimed by a member of the Mexican Chamber of Deputies. This is the record of the growth and development of one of the world's youngest, most vigorous—and most successful—fascist movements.

Sinarquism has the international support of the Nazis, the Japanese and of Franco's Falange, to say nothing of reactionary Catholic clerics in this country who have published laudatory accounts of the movement in their newspapers and advised their readers to follow its activities with sympathy. In Mexico, Sinarquism enjoys the backing of every counter-revolutionary element, of the Spanish colony, of big business and the *hacendados*, as well as the unofficial encouragement of the Catholic Church. Mexico's deep Catholic tradition has given to Sinarquism its authoritarianism, its severity and its asceticism. Sinarquist leaders, in the early days of the movement, traveled from village to village, in the approved tradition of poverty and zeal, living among the Indians, sharing their food and their quarters, spreading the gospel of counter-revolution and organizing cells with the coöperation of the local padres. Among their many slogans are Fe y Patria! Viva Cristo Rey! (Faith and Country! Long Live Christ the King!)

Apart from variations in temperament and program natural to its Mexican locale, and the fanatical pitch of its religious overtones, Sinarquism, as a fascist movement, contains nothing unprecedented or new. Its program is based on the familiar contradictions which have always given fascism its strength. It is supported by the very highest classes and draws its following from the lowest, the dispossessed, the downtrodden. It calls itself a nationalistic movement, a folk movement, denies its political character, but plays a sinister political game. Actually, Sinarquism employs the old fascist technique of utilizing popular politics for the destruction of popular politics. Thus, in conformity with its corporate ideology, Sinarquism advocates trade unions without leaders. It condemns the injustice and exploitation of the economic system, asks a share in factory profits for the workers, and dedicates itself to the abolition of strikes and class warfare. Sinarquism promises land to the dispossessed Indian, urges division of the large estates into small individual holdings, while at the same time it announces itself as the protector of private property. Its program calls for the liquidation of the Mexican revolution, as well as of Yankee imperialism, Bolshevism, Jewry, Protestantism and Free Masonry. Add to this its advocacy of the hard life, its admiration of virility, its cowboy songs, military salute, marches and drills, and you have the conventional but always effective system of appeal whereby fascism, enriched through its contradictions, obtains the many-sided emotional identification of the people.

There is nothing surprising in the support Sinarquism has received from reaction. Reaction has everything to gain in keeping the spearhead of the counter-revolution well tempered and sharp. The only curious thing is the support it has gained among the Indian masses. Movements such as Sinarquism are always launched in turbulent but progressive times. The counter-revolution strikes when revolutionary hope is still high, when the promises have been made, but the difficult objectives still wait to be realized. It acts to obstruct the achievement of these objectives, but its action is no mere counter-action, no mere *tour* against the popular will, but in its own way, an expression of popular will. It reaches the broad, underground, remote basis of the population whom revolutionary enlightenment is slow to reach. Them it enlightens with its own truths—reaction is no mere system of lies as, in rather simple-minded fashion, we of the democracies are accustomed to regard it—and its truths are these: that while the revolution promises the better life of justice and equality, invokes the good and undertakes its achievement, counter-revolution builds on evils already achieved, arms the people in their own humiliation and their suffering. Cynical of all beliefs, the counter-revolution, by ensuring the expenditure of religious emotion, captures belief on its profoundest, most intuitive level of faith and identification. Reaction surpasses the appeal of progress: the latter appeals only to the good will of men, fascism to the complete will, its capacity for evil as well as for good, its capacity for surrender as well as construction. It wins away the men whom the revolution, by failing to act with swift, uncompromising thoroughness, can hold only by promises.

Although an actual showdown between Sinarquism and the Mexican government never developed, there have been many uprisings, riots and armed clashes from which the Sinarquistas have gathered a roster of honored martyrs. The movement has been content to demonstrate its strength and continue its patient work of undermining the revolution by drawing away the Indian masses.

From the outset, Mexican liberals were aware of the danger of Sinarquism as an organized fifth column. Nevertheless, the government has been losing its fight against Sinarquism, because it has lost its political initia-

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tive. The Camacho regime has made serious concessions to the Sinarquistas. Camacho yielded to their pressure for educational "reform" by reëstablishing Catholic schools, and granted them the right to colonize lower California.

It is true that the government's position has been strengthened by Mexico's entrance into the war. The national demand for unity, added to the greater confidence with which the government, once the army was mobilized, has been opposing the movement, forced the Sinarquistas to adopt measures of moderation. They announced their support of the war, with the important reservation that they would consider themselves at liberty to maintain their struggle against Bolshevism. The Sinarquistas' latest pronouncement, however, indicated a more definite concession, an apparent victory for the Camacho administration: Sinarquism declared its opposition not only to Bolshevism, but to Nazism, fascism and all anti-democratic, totalitarian philosophies!

But before we regard this as a clear victory for Camacho, we must remember that Sinarquism's retreat is no more than a strategic one. It may have yielded to the wartime demand for national unity—but at the same time, its backers, business interests, and the reactionary landed classes, are also supporting the war. The most serious shortcoming in Camacho's policy is the practical certainty that when the war is over, Mexico's counter-revolution will emerge intact, ready to resume its activity, and, perhaps, even stronger than ever for the final test when it will strike for power.

Why should Camacho have yielded to the Sinarquistas' demand that they be allowed to colonize Lower California? Lower California is a coastal region, in the vicinity of many important naval bases and military depots. Did Camacho intend to put the movement on its honor when he invited it into this vital region? But his action was an even greater political blunder than a military one. As an act of appeasement it sacrificed initiative to shrewdness. But a true act of shrewdness would have been to bestow the benefits of colonization directly on the Indians—by making land grants on the basis of their disaffiliation from the Sinarquist movement. Camacho's appeasement benefited the Indians only indirectly, only in so far as they were Sinarquists. The greatest gain was made by the government's enemy. Thanks to appeasement, Sinarquism will survive the war.

The success this movement has enjoyed illustrates the danger all liberalism faces when it loses its political initiative. Lost initiative is lost courage; lost courage means the loss of popular support. Today in this country we are witnessing a series of social and racial upheavals which are putting a similar obligation upon the United States Government to show its initiative and its courage. The rioters in Detroit, in Beaumont, in Los Angeles, by their acts of violence are drawing away from the government. They are creating an underground regime, out of touch with the legal, political and social institutions of democracy. This is the greatest danger of the race clashes—the danger of creating fascism by default of democratic institutions, the danger of popular withdrawal into the underground of violence.

But this touches on what is, perhaps, the greatest tragedy of the democracies. As yet, no democracy has proved itself resourceful enough to fight fascism squarely, as it should be fought. For the fight against fascism, to be successful, must first be directed against the abuses and evils existing in democratic societies. We cannot hope to surmount the barrier of alienation that fascism has built up between the people and democracy, when we ourselves, by failing to provide such necessities as adequate housing, equal economic opportunity and a policy on race relations, are maintaining the ground on which fascism breeds. Liberalism, which promises reform, invites its own destruction if reform, always slow, and frequently inadequate, fails to effect drastic corrections of social and economic abuses. But the caution and slow tempo that liberalism adopts are the very concessions it makes to reaction within its own camp. Thus, itself guilty, it falls victim to a greater guilt. It cannot keep out the intruder it has itself invited; it cannot oppose fascism without opposing its own evils. In short, it is hamstrung, which is exactly the position of the Roosevelt administration.

The race riots have served notice upon the Roosevelt administration. It must make an effort to win back the people, or else the races, even though they wage war against each other, will unite in a common alienation from democracy. The oppressed minorities, the disinherited, here as in Mexico, have a common resource and a common potency for striking back not only against the injustice they have suffered, but also against that liberalism, pale as its skin, which failed to distinguish itself from the enemy.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

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Is Congress Curable?

THE ACTIONS OF CONGRESS in the past few weeks have surprised and shocked many Americans. The coalition of reactionary Southern Democrats and reactionary Northern Republicans has gone after the New Deal with an axe; and in doing so, it has taken steps which many competent observers believe will injure the war effort. It has certainly given aid and comfort to our enemies; no news from the United Nations since the war began can have been read with keener pleasure in Berlin and Tokyo.

I do not propose to wring my hands in public over Congress. It has been bad before in our history, perhaps even worse than now. It tried during the Civil War to take the conduct of the war out of the hands of Lincoln, made a howling mess of it, and even so, the North managed to win. There has always been a percentage of mountebanks and knaves in the ranks of Congress, and the country has rolled ahead in spite of them. I would not be surprised to learn that the average level of education and sobriety among the members is substantially higher now than it has been at some periods in our past.

Yet one cannot deny that the present situation is serious. The War Department has just reported a disturbing drop in the production of weapons last month, and the newspaper pundits are busily trying to assign a reason. Apparently it hasn't occurred to them that Congress, which through the Smith-Connally bill gave a kick in the face to the men and women who are producing these weapons, may have had something to do with it.

Our domestic economy is suffering because of black markets and violated price ceilings; soldiers in Algiers, Raymond Clapper reports, are deeply troubled because the rising cost of living is whittling down the checks that go to their dependents. For this Congress is to blame. It refuses to give the OPA enough money with which to fight high prices. It has voted repeatedly in favor of inflation, even though its final act on adjourning was to give the administration a comparatively small sum to roll back a few prices. Unless its attitude changes, it will vote for inflation again when it comes back in the autumn.

We are piling up a huge total of government debt, while we encourage rising prices by leaving too much money in the consumers' pockets. For this Congress is to blame, through its refusal to pass an adequate tax bill or to consider compulsory saving. Our allies in this war are handicapped because they don't know what the United States is likely to do about world coöperation after the war is over. For this Congress is to blame, since it has refused thus far to put itself on record. Its failure to do so is partly the result of shocking pettiness and personal jealousy on the part of a few individuals.

For many of the sins of Congress we, the people, are of course responsible. It has long been true in many parts of the country that no good, solid citizen would dream of running for Congress. If he was an important business man, he might try to buy a congressman or two, for his personal interests, but that was all. He certainly would not even exert himself to influence votes, by ringing the doorbells of his neighbors. He left all that to "the machine"; and the machine produced what might have been expected. We have had the sort of Congress we deserved.

Even making all allowances for these facts, the level of Congress is frequently lower than could reasonably be expected. For several years I read every issue of The Congressional Record all the way through; it was an experience that has marked me for life. More often than you would believe possible, one house or the other debates some important issue in seemingly complete ignorance of most of the fundamental facts. Now and then the debate goes on for page after page when, patently, none of the participants knows what he is talking about. Reasonable knowledge of logic, reasonable awareness of syntax, a taste in poetry or prose above the level of the third grade are rare. If Congress is a fair sample, the failure of the American public school has been black indeed. It is interesting to see that most members of Congress—there are of course many exceptions—have an acute inferiority complex, and violently object to such comment as I am making here.

Some other evils of Congress are well known; one of the worst of them is government by committee. Nowadays all the important decisions are made before any bill reaches the floor of either house. The rule of seniority gives the top places on the committee, and life or death power over legislation, to the men who have been there longest. The chances are strong that these men will have come from a poll-tax state and have been elected by only five or ten percent of the voters. Alternately, they are likely to be spokesmen for some corrupt machine in a big Northern city. In either case the individual is usually a walking museum of what's wrong with representative government.

Many members of Congress, of course, are there as spokesmen for some special economic interest, and are widely and openly recognized as such. All congressmen speak for the economic interests of their area, in greater or less degree, or they are not likely to come back for another term. Many of the worst things Congress does are plain power politics, various economic groups bargaining with each other for their mutual advantage against the people of the United States.

These things are true of all congresses in modern

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times. Today, however, the situation is complicated by the burning obsession of hatred against Roosevelt which animates nearly all Republicans and a large proportion of the Democrats. Some of this hatred was no doubt inevitable. The New Deal took over a very sick civilization and, to make it well, bitter medicine had to be poured down many reluctant throats. But more anger was engendered than these facts would justify. In retrospect, one can see that the Roosevelt administration, especially in its first seven years in office, needlessly alienated many congressmen by slighting them, by hurting their feelings. Some of the bright young men of the New Deal were openly contemptuous of the bumpkins up on the Hill. For a while, there was nothing the bumpkins could do about it; but today there is. If Mr. Roosevelt had coöperated up to the hilt, if he had gone out of his way to get congressional advice, even though he didn't then act on it, if he had consulted, courted, coöperated, there would still have been hatred of him, but it would not have been so virulent as it is today.

Don't misunderstand me as being complacent about Congress, for I am not. I cannot recall a time when such powerful anti-democratic forces have been abroad at the Capitol as now. When Congress appointed Eugene Cox as chairman of the committee to investigate the Federal Communications Commission, after the FCC had charged him with violating a federal law, it descended to depths of which every patriotic American must be ashamed. Not only is the Unholy Alliance intent upon wiping from the statute books every vestige of New Deal legislation, every law favoring organized labor or seeking to remedy the handicaps that poverty imposes on youth, but there are ominous overtones to its foreign policy as well. These overtones are hostile to Great Britain, doubly hostile to Russia, indifferent at best to China. Sometimes they are disturbingly anti-Semitic. They speak for a soft peace with Hitler, perhaps even a soft peace with fascism as a whole, on the ground that Russian communism is our ultimate and most dangerous enemy. This is what lies behind the amazing attempt of Congress to take the whole strategy of the war away from the military leaders of the United Nations, to concentrate first on Japan and to leave Hitler to be dealt with later—if at all.

What can we do in this crisis? Must we sit back with hands folded while Congress jeopardizes success in the war, jeopardizes the peace and, for millions of its fellow countrymen, jeopardizes the America of the future? By no means. There are plenty of things we can do, and there are accumulating signs that some of them will be done.

Everyone tells me that liberalism is in retreat nowadays, but I don't believe it. True, the actions of Congress have swung to the anti-liberal side; but the hearts of the rank-and-file liberals have not failed. Moreover, there are as many of them as there were, and indeed, there are good reasons to believe that their numbers are increasing. It is interesting to see that when the Gallup and Fortune polls ask a question which reveals a political attitude, liberalism almost always wins by heavy majorities. This is true in spite of the distorted picture of the government that is presented by most of the big influential metropolitan newspapers. The waters of liberalism are not defiled at the spring; they become muddied in the intricacies of the electoral machinery, corrupt party politicians, sinister influence upon candidates after they have been chosen. It simply is not so that during a war it is necessary to abandon social progress, to revert to labor-baiting, to raise from the grave all our old evils. On the contrary, a nation that continues to make itself strong at home is so much the stronger on the battlefield, and is far stronger when the problems of peace have to be faced.

A deluge of criticism has poured down upon President Roosevelt in recent months, most of it from his enemies, but some of it from his friends. It is quite true that administration is the weak spot of the executive branch. It is also true that Mr. Roosevelt has found the problems of military strategy so engrossing that he has neglected the home front, with deplorable results. I object strongly to his North African policy, which I feel is failing even by the low standard of expediency.

But let us be fair. Every other American President who has conducted a war has also been bitterly criticized. War is a crucible in which men reveal their worst weaknesses as well as their greatest strength. I doubt whether anything said publicly about President Roosevelt in the past few months is any worse than what was said about President Lincoln. I am old enough to recall some of the disgraceful gossip about President Wilson.

Remember, too, that our choice is not between President Roosevelt and some abstract and ideal perfection. It is between President Roosevelt and some other man who could conceivably get himself nominated and elected in 1944. Presumably that man would be a Republican, since it seems fairly clear that the Republicans can beat anybody except Roosevelt, just as Roosevelt can probably beat any Republican, if the war is still going on, or has only just ended, in November, 1944. Those liberals who are unhappy about certain policies of President Roosevelt don't know what trouble is: let them get a Bricker or a Dewey in the White House and see how they like it. Even if the improbable lightning should strike Mr. Willkie, he would be unable in my opinion to ride the Republican whirlwind successfully. It is not only the liberals who would then look back nostalgically on the good old Roosevelt days but many of the more moderate and reasonable conservatives as well.

I see signs that the American progressives and the trade-union movement are now gathering their forces

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to strike back, and strike back hard, at the reactionaries who are running hog wild in Congress. The trade unions have been deeply shocked by the Smith-Connally bill and by the bitter and mostly unjustified excoriation that labor has had lately in the conservative press (see the article by Victor Johnson, a trade unionist, on page 74 of this issue). I think such leaders as Philip Murray now bitterly regret that labor did not work with all its might in the congressional election of 1942. I think they realize that the predictions of bad times ahead, if the elections were allowed to go by default, predictions made in advance by The New Republic among others, are fully justified.

I expect to see most of the trade unions, the progressive farmers such as those in the Farmers' Union, and the independent progressives of both parties or of no party make a real fight next year. They will seek both to elect Roosevelt over Bricker, Dewey or Taft, and to end this intolerable present situation where Congress and the executive branch are at such loggerheads that government in some important areas of activity has practically ceased to function. To be sure, John L. Lewis may be expected to line up on the anti-labor side politically; but in this relationship, he is not important. He can't even carry his own union; he couldn't do so in 1940.

This is of course a grass-roots job. I don't expect it to be done because of exhortations to the progressives, in the pages of The New Republic or anywhere else. You don't get salvation, politically, by camp-meeting tactics. It will be done because the American people have now had a vivid demonstration that this Congress cares more for the interests of part of the people than those of all the people; that numbers of its members are subject to sinister and secret influences that will not bear the light of day.

There are those who feel that aggressive political action is unlikely now, because workers are universally employed and getting good pay. But history shows that these are the exact periods in which advances are made; in depressions, the individual is hanging onto his job for dear life, and will take no risks. True, in 1942 millions of Americans did not vote and millions more were euchred out of their franchise. But that was a mid-term election; a great migration of labor was in progress, which has now ended; and labor has been startled and stunned by the results of its apathy.

What is first of all necessary is that the record of each congressman shall be known in his own district, among his own neighbors. The New Republic proposes to help spread that record, through an enterprise announced elsewhere in this issue. Meanwhile, let no liberal say that the pendulum has swung toward reaction and that we are helpless until it swings again. The pendulum theory was disproved by social scientists long ago. And anyhow, pendulums can be pushed. We have every reason to push this one.

BRUCE BLIVEN

Hillbilly Justice in Tennessee

On JULY 3, the eve of American Independence Day, the Tennessee Supreme Court held that the poll tax cannot be removed by act of legislature. Chief Justice Green and Associate Justice Neil dissented, strongly. The finding of the majority, Justice Green declared, is supported by no precedent in the annals of English or American law and is unsound "in principle." The majority itself admitted its ruling to be unprecedented.

What the court held was that the legislature could not repeal its own act. To the common legal postulate that a legislature cannot by statute change a constitution, the court added the force dictum that a *constitutional amendment would be required to repeal an act of legislature.*

In Tennessee, as in seven other Southern states, the poll tax exists, not as a head tax, but as a vote tax. Payment of the tax is the admission price to the ballot box. In consequence the electorate in those states has been, over a period of years, drastically diminished and continues to subside toward the vanishing point.

As the result of a seven-year newspaper-led fight, the people of Tennessee themselves had revolted against the vote tax. Before the surging pressure of this popular demand, the 1943 Tennessee legislature struck the seventy-year-old poll-tax law from the statute books. The ruling of the court thwarts the efforts of the people of Tennessee to recapture the means of popular rule and their hopes of returning their state to the American union of states which enjoy, under the full aegis of the federal Constitution and by its specific guarantee, the republican form of government.

The people of Tennessee, belatedly but thoroughly aroused to the iniquity of their political situation, will continue to fight the vote tax wherever and however it may be got at. Obviously, however, their effort carries the tremendous handicap of the situation itself. Under the attrition of the tax, the popular elective *power* has been so greatly impaired that less than one in four of the adult population still has the vote; and against the democratic will in this restricted electorate is arrayed the powerful unprincipled vote marshaled by the political machines, headed by that of Boss Ed Crump of Memphis, one of the three deeply entrenched and despotically controlled bossisms remaining in the United States. As the device by which the

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majority of the people is disfranchised, the poll tax is the main prop of the Crumparchy. It is this means of control which the court, by its completely fabricated ruling, has salvaged for the bosses even after the popular drive had forced it through popular legislative assault to the edge of extermination.

Tennessee presents today a tragic and compelling object lesson of popular impotence through loss of the elective instrumentality. Without the vote, how may the people regain the vote—short of the historical shotguns and bloodshed?

Constitutional revision, to which the people are referred by the court's interdiction of the use of legislative power, is a baffling process which has not once been solved in the seventy-three years of existence of the state's charter. In the end, of course, the attainment of relief even by this arduous and untrod path depends upon the existence of a sovereign electorate. But, with its impaired franchise, Tennessee has not been able to muster a political decision by so much as a simple majority of its adult citizens in the past forty years. In the democratic sense of power, the people are shorn and helpless.

An attempt will be made to bring the incongruous fiat of the Tennessee court before the Supreme Court of the United States. One intervening petition subjoined in the Tennessee poll-tax case was based upon the denial of the citizen's right to vote in federal elections. However this appeal may develop, the fight on the poll tax in Tennessee has brought up, and will continue to bring up urgently, the issue of the *right* to vote. And by the ultimate, definitive answer to this question all our American pretensions to popular government, to republicanism, to democracy, stand or fall.

The issue cries aloud to be faced by our highest courts, by the federal legislature and by forthright people everywhere throughout this land who, led by and loyal to the imperishable ideal of democracy, are unwilling to abide with hypocrisy instead.

In Tennessee, the issue has been fought straight. It has been fought on the honest assumption that political equality, the participation of the citizen in his government, rests fundamentally on the suffrage. It has been fought on the honest assumption (and with every historical and documentary support) that this nation set out "under God" to be a republic—and by the complementary and inseparable postulate that a republic *is founded upon and lives only by* the consent of the governed, amply and constantly given an effective means of expression—the vote. That no nation or state whose citizens do not enjoy the right to vote and its free use can call itself, or be, a republic. That no nation or state which does not, as its first duty, protect to its citizens this right and its free use can call itself honestly, or be in reality, a republic; and that if it does not do these things, it can call itself a "land of the free" only in mockery and self-derision.

In the Tennessee fight on the poll tax it has been seen and declared that *you cannot tax a right and have it too*. The power to tax is the power to destroy. When a state arrogates to itself the power to tax a right—the right to vote, to speak, to pray to God or to petition a government—it takes the power to impair, abrogate or destroy that right. When a state that exists to be a republic takes that power it takes the power to destroy itself. When a state that sets out to be a republic exercises that power it commits suicide, subverts the republican form and creates in its place at best an oligarchy and at worst (and inevitably in the end) a dictatorship.

In the long Tennessee fight against the poll tax it has become reverberatingly clear to reason and conscience, if not yet to courts and legislatures, that no poll tax made a vote tax ever has been constitutional in the United States.

For our federal Constitution establishes not only a nation that shall be ruled by its people, but in simple, straightforward, unequivocal terms that even children and congressmen and the judges of courts should not contrive to misunderstand (or to dodge), directs that the United States shall guarantee a republican form of government to "each of the states" of the Union.

This was a guarantee essential to the erection and preservation of a republic. The whole glorious, daring political structure here built rested upon and rose from the right of the individual citizen *to cast his vote and have it counted*. This was the starting point. This was the rock. This was, and is now, and always must be the unalterable condition precedent of a republic or of a republican form of government. No nation or state can alter that condition without altering itself.

Yet that has been done by these several poll-tax states, while the national government either has been blind to or has blinked at the sabotage from the beginning, and the *most important* guarantee of the federal Constitution to the people, to the states and to the nation stands inoperative. In this glaring and despicable apostasy, this betrayal of first principles, our collective American face has no right to be less red than the red of the flag we have not lived up to.

You cannot have a republic without an unfettered right to vote, and you cannot take that right and have it too. These are the pure lights of the Tennessee fight on the poll tax—which is and of a right ought to be the fight of the nation. Obscurantists may drag in the rotten herring of "states' rights." But no state has a right to do wrong. No member of the American union of states has the right to undermine its own and the nation's political foundation. The Southern states had a much clearer right to secede from the Union than, within the Union, to tax away the political birthright of their citizens—and thus, actually and measurably, to "overthrow the government."

Men of "common sense" and easy conscience may whisper up the "race question" as an expedient for the

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poll tax. This is the meat of every political boss in the poll-tax states and the desperate stay of the whole reactionary Southern clique to whom the restriction of the electorate is simply a means to office and power. In the Tennessee fight on the poll tax there has been no race question. In Tennessee the population is 83-percent white and the proportion of Negroes declines from census to census. Many of the Tennessee counties have no Negro citizens whatever; yet the people of these counties suffer equal and proportionate disfranchisement with all other sections.

Moreover, in Tennessee, and especially in the major cities which have a large Negro population, Negroes commonly vote in all elections, and have for years, and their vote is as proportionate to their number as is the white vote to the number of whites. The poll tax has in fact no bearing on the race question—save as a fear-motif carefully cultivated by the machine bosses by word-of-mouth slyness and used by them as a lever to prevent the freeing of the whole citizenry. The bosses themselves, of course, foster and shepherd *their* Negro vote with cunning and diligence.

The Tennessee fight on the poll tax has been blunted in effect only by the arrant obstructionism of the state supreme court. Instead of the free elections to which they had looked forward next year, the people of Tennessee will be compelled to meet the same old barriers before the ballot box. Minority rule has been given a lease on life.

The fight will proceed in all elections henceforth—*judicial* as well as legislative.

Meanwhile, the people of Tennessee, thus temporarily frustrated in their effort to rewin the basis of popular rule, have the right to look for assistance to republican faith in all the nation, believing that in a worldwide war for the principles of democracy, democracy ought to be possessed at home.

Nashville, Tenn. JENNINGS PERRY

Twilight in Germany

"I CAN'T TELL YOU—I DON'T KNOW—" she said, and obstinately avoided my eye. She was a quiet, motherly woman of about forty. As a nurse of a neutral country she had lived in Germany for over a year. I met her the day after her arrival in Sweden. To my first questions she invariably answered: "I can't tell you—" Watching the mask on her face, I began to to feel angry, but then I noticed that her hand, which held a cigarette, was trembling. "You are afraid," I said, "why? Nothing can happen to you here; you are out of it." She looked at me now and there was real fear in her eyes. "Nothing can happen to me—but to the others? I was shadowed all the time and the Gestapo checked the people whom I met and talked with. It is they who will have to suffer for everything I say. The Gestapo has ears in every country."—"Fear is catching," I said. "You have been all the time with people who were deadly frightened. Though I really don't understand why they should be. Nazi-Germans are the most law-abiding citizens in the world. They'd cut their own heads off if they got such an order. They don't dare think"—"Oh, don't they!" she exclaimed. "You are mistaken. Things have changed. They are now on the brink of despair. They do think, they talk, they even begin to revolt. . . . Promise not to mention my name nor the places I visited!" I promised. Only then would she talk.

She had been in a German town during a bombing by the RAF. In the face of death people had spoken their minds. A terrific hate against their leaders, and not against the Allies, was quite a revelation to her as a foreigner. They were worn out and tired to death, but no longer resigned. That former phase had given place to one of utter exasperation. From that moment on she had become very attentive and noticed that anger was the dominant feature of the German atmosphere. Criticism has become general, distrust in their leaders so strong that even the deadly menace of the Gestapo cannot silence it, the craving for truth so passionate that almost everybody listens to the foreign broadcasts.

The greatest and most effective shock to their already shattered belief was the Stalingrad tragedy. Three hundred thousand men had perished for Hitler's prestige. Those 300,000 have more than a million relations, and certainly twice as many friends and near acquaintances, who spread tales of horror of the holocaust. "Why sacrifice our husbands, sons and brothers?" asked the women, "everybody knows that this war is lost already!" A short time after this the sixteen-year-old boys were mobilized for the "home front." The parents did not trouble to hide their sorrow. These boys serve in the anti-aircraft and some have already been killed. Six of them perished the other day in Berlin in an RAF raid.

Everybody in every stratum of society has grievances of his own. Until a short time ago the German housewife had found a little privacy at home after the strain of unsuccessful hunting for unavailable necessities under the distressing regulations, orders and restrictions. She could mend the shabby clothes of the family and "relax" for a while in her room. Now if she is not over forty-five, if she has no children under the age of six and is not afflicted with a mortal disease, she must go out in the morning and work till late in the evening at any job she is ordered to take. If she is weak and undernourished, if she has a heart disease or

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tuberculosis, the doctor dare not testify to it. Some days ago a woman who had procured a doctor's certificate stating that she was absolutely incapable of working in a factory was sentenced to a fortnight in prison. All middle-class women—Hitler's partisans from the beginning—are now enrolled in full-time jobs with long extra hours. All those little habits so dear to every woman who has not resigned herself to sexlessness have become deadly crimes: the hairdresser is not allowed to wave her hair; no manicurist is left to take care of her hands; no dressmaker is allowed to make a new dress (only old ones may be repaired)—otherwise prison or a concentration camp. The stores are closed, with the exception of the food shops. No shoes, no underwear, no stockings, no leather bags or purses, no gloves, combs or brushes, no paper (not even toilet paper), no needles, no household articles of any sort. After the long day's work she generally has to walk home because trams and underground trains are scarce. No restaurant or coffee house exists any more. Late at night she arrives in her dreary home to start her housework. This radical change of life might be borne cheerfully perhaps if there were a hope for the future. But there is not. The war is lost, but it goes on; the men who have not yet fallen at the front are doomed to fight until death—every woman knows it.

The owners of stores, warehouses, restaurants and hotels have been enrolled in industrial work together with their personnel. They live like proletarians, but have neither a worker's class-consciousness nor his skill. They are convinced that they have parted with their property once for all. "And they have not even uniforms," Nurse N—— added with a little smile. "A uniform might console them and cheer them up a bit—it is so stimulating to every German soul. But even the uniforms for the army are becoming a problem."

The peasants used to be a privileged class and consequently a stronghold of Nazism. Now only women and old men are left. Their working capacity cannot keep up the pace. Farm hands are no longer available, nor is there any material for repairs of machines and tools. Nevertheless the government demands increasing agricultural production, and with good reason: the European countries are starving, the workers are undernourished and consequently produce but a third of the normal output (even without sabotage), the needs of the army have not diminished and the harvests of the Ukraine have remained a Fata Morgana. The German peasants complain loudly, but if you ask them if they get no help from the party they are sure to answer: "Which party? The Himmler Party or the Göring Party?" Nobody believes in the existence of one united party. Himmler has the greater power and is the best-hated man in the country. Rumor has it that an attempt to kill him failed but that his head was badly injured. The latest photographs invariably show only his profile. Hitler keeps—willingly or unwillingly—in the background. It is no secret that he had a nervous breakdown and that the military leadership which he had to abandon is now in the hands of rival generals: those of the Wehrmacht and of the party.

Seventy-five percent of the industrial workers in Germany are foreigners (Czechs, Poles, Danes, Dutchmen, Frenchmen, Belgians, etc.). The greater part of the German workers have been sent to the front. From the beginning they had looked with apprehension on the importation of foreign workers, knowing what it meant for them. Workers' wives said quite publicly that every foreigner was an acute danger to their own husbands and sons. But now the German working class counts on that international gathering to further its own ends—these foreigners are becoming reliable allies. They created from the start an effective undercurrent of resistance. Together with the Germans they defy the vigilance of the Gestapo; they join in passive and active sabotage. Nazi propagandists don't like to speak in factories nowadays: they are met with icy silence. Sabotage—mostly individual as far as foreign workers are concerned—takes on more and more the appearance of being directed by underground organization when purely German elements are at work. If you manage to have a private talk with workers they are sure to tell you: "We want to get rid of the Nazis—but we don't want to be the slaves of the Allies afterwards!" (The Goebbels propaganda stresses that latter eventuality very cleverly.)

The Nazi Party promised Hitler that on his birthday in April no Jew would be left in Berlin. The deportations have been carried through with unimaginable ferocity. Jewish orphan-homes were raided and one-year-old children and even younger babies have been sent to Poland and death. But this was too much even for the German people. Today several thousand Jews (I promised not to mention the real figures) are hidden and sheltered by Germans who risk their own lives in doing so. Death has become quite a trivial feature of daily life for all Germans whose normal reactions have not been definitely crushed by fear. And the number of those Germans is rapidly increasing. Some weeks ago three students were executed in a southern German town because they led an important student movement against the latest measures for total mobilization. Even the youth—the spoiled child of Nazism—is showing signs of growing opposition.

There is a song that has become very popular among all strata of the German people:

> All changes, all goes, all passes away
> Adolf in April and the Party in May!
> (*Es geht alles voruber, es geht alles vorbei,*
> *Im April geht der Führer und im Mai die Partei!*)

Obviously it was too optimistic, but at any rate it was Germany's spring song!

Stockholm GUSTI STRIDSBERG

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Connecticut's Clare

THE TIP-OFF on Clare Boothe Luce, congresswoman from Connecticut, is an anecdote, probably apocryphal, that Margaret Case Harriman told in her profile of Clare in The New Yorker in 1941. About to enter a restaurant, Mrs. Luce saw Dorothy Parker also heading for the doorway. "Age before beauty," she said, stepping aside. "And pearls before swine," Mrs. Parker answered, sweeping on. Mrs. Luce's political career to date could be typified by that anecdote: she has regularly thought she could beat the professionals in the field, regularly shot off her mouth, and regularly been slapped down for her pains.

Mrs. Luce is probably genuinely sorry for her globaloney speech. Not because it misrepresented her actual beliefs (it is hard to say precisely what her actual beliefs are), but simply because it laid an egg. When it became a laughing-stock instead of a catchword, swept no more of the nation than could be swept by Cissie Patterson on a broomstick, and stimulated a reaction that demonstrated far less of a reactionary wave than Clare had counted on and far more support for the Vice President and his "wild-eyed fancies" about the century of the common man, Clare's decision to count ten before shooting off her mouth again was almost audible. It lasted just a few weeks, however, and soon she popped up with her 1,200-word reply to the President's impersonal invitation to all the new legislators to attend a social gathering in the White House. What she said was harmless enough, a collection of ready clichés about the nature of two-party government in wartime, but the letter was so inept socially, so lacking in either taste or discretion, and so obviously publicity-seeking, that even papers normally sympathetic to any attack on the President laughed her down.

From this second blow Mrs. Luce was slow to recover, and she gave every appearance of having backtracked and tried a new line. If blatant New Deal-baiting and reactionary sloganeering were not the way for a bright girl to make her political fortune, perhaps liberalism was. One of the kisses she blew toward the Left was a letter to The Nation, asking to be made a Foundation Member in its fund drive (for a fair-sized piece of change) and making the statement that Thomas Jefferson, given a chance, would have read that magazine every week. In a recent issue of Look Mrs. Luce participated in a symposium of fifteen political "leaders" and came through with a thoughtful statement about the necessity for international social and economic planning, in the post-war world. "We know now that if one man starves in Hankow another goes hungry in Pittsburgh," she said, almost echoing Henry Wallace's brand of globaloney.

But liberalism didn't seem to pay off any better, and inside of a few weeks Mrs. Luce was back selling peanuts at the old stand. In rapid order she called the President an outstanding isolationist, interventionist, and man with no foreign policy at all, and told the Wisconsin State Convention that she and everyone else in the United States was an isolationist until Pearl Harbor. She also managed to come out against the four freedoms, any sort of collective security until America first secures herself, and then tried the "globaloney" stunt again, the new term being "dazzle dust." Clare was fully recovered.

A political career is a relatively new thing for Mrs. Luce, and it is not surprising that she has made almost a classic fool of herself. Until 1938, when her play, "Kiss the Boys Goodbye," appeared on Broadway, there was little record of her having any political convictions. When "Kiss the Boys Goodbye" opened, she suddenly startled her friends and audiences by a statement to interviewers, later amplified in a five-thousand-word preface to the published play, explaining that far from being the parody of Hollywood's search for a Scarlett O'Hara it seemed, the play was an allegory about Southern fascism in America. Speaking of her heroine, Mrs. Luce wrote somewhat broadly: "In satiric terms she is an American version of a Brown Shirt street brawler from Munich, in a swank Berlin coffee-house, *circa* 1930." Her next play, "Margin for Error," went after the Nazis more directly, and from then on Mrs. Luce had a political record. She was at least against fascism.

Mrs. Luce's introduction to practical politics came in the Willkie campaign of 1940, when she was drafted as a counterweight to Dorothy Thompson, who had terrified all her nice friends by switching from Willkie to Roosevelt. The campaign itself was lost in the shuffle, but Mrs. Luce had a fine time referring to Miss Thompson as "The Molly Pitcher of the Maginot Line," while Miss Thompson called Mrs. Luce "The Brenda Frazier of the Great Crusade." Willkie lost, but Mrs. Luce had experienced the rapture of speaking from a platform—and from then on politics was her dish.

Until the Willkie campaign, Mrs. Luce's checkered career could have led almost anywhere. Born a relatively poor girl of good family, in the best tradition, she has been at various times a child actress (among other things, she played a "cute baby fairy" with Mary Pickford), a maker of frilled-paper bonbon holders at Dennison's, an acrobatic dancer, an editor of Vogue and Vanity Fair, a highly successful playwright ("The Women"), a socialite and smart hostess, a foreign cor-

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respondent for Life, and a country gentlewoman. But once she turned to politics, she turned to it with a single-mindedness that must have given her Waldorf-Astoria set something of a start.

Early in 1941, Mrs. Luce began her campaign for nomination as the Republican candidate for congressman from Fairfield County, Connecticut, which gave her quite a head start on the other candidates. She made speeches warning the Republican Party that if it did not recover "some of its robust health" it would never elect another President, she came out for Federal Union, she spoke for China and for a greater attention to the East, she spoke at luncheons, dinners and on the radio, to anyone who would listen to her. By August, 1942, she was coyly refusing to run because of her lack of knowledge of local affairs, but it didn't take much to stampede her, and before the month was out she had announced that her kerchief was in the ring.

Mrs. Luce was nominated in a walkaway, and began stumping Fairfield County. Writing in Colliers, Frank Gervasi reported that her weapons during the campaign were $12,492 in campaign funds, one Goldwyn joke (corny), one pun (equally corny), one slogan ("Let's fight a hard war, not a soft war"), roses in her hair, a black silk dress, and a St. Christopher medal. She buttered up labor with a platform for the retention of labor's gains and the Wagner Act, and showed workmen her union card, in the Dramatists' Guild of the Authors' League (unaffiliated). When the CIO nevertheless came out for her Democratic opponent, Leroy Downs, she implied that the CIO couldn't tell a true friend of labor from third base. She buttered up the tories with attacks on the President and government waste, including $100,000 spent for musical instruments for the WPA projects in West Virginia. "Nero needed only one fiddle to play while Rome was burning," she told her audiences, sounding like a character out of "The Women." She scared a DAR chapter stiff by telling the ladies that if the $25,000 ceiling would win the war, she was for it, although she implied it wouldn't. She resigned from the Joint Spanish Anti-Fascist Refugee Committee and baited the "Red Menace." She endorsed the right to strike, and suggested that strikes be outlawed for the duration. Sometimes she blew hot, sometimes cold. At the end of all the fuss she was elected by a plurality of something less than 7,000 votes, and probably could have had twice that amount if she had not campaigned at all.

In Congress, besides the globaloney speech and the letter to the President, Mrs. Luce has already kicked up a number of small fusses. Soon after the election she asked for an appointment to the Foreign Affairs Committee, an act of vast presumption, claiming that foreign affairs was the subject she "knew most about." She was turned down for lack of seniority, and for consolation was given a post on the Military Affairs Committee, enough of a break in a House where most freshmen legislators get put on something like the Committee for Recapping Gavels. She pulled a number of characteristically brash boners: she offended Republican Leader Martin by using her husband's pull to get to meet Democratic Speaker Rayburn as soon as she hit Washington; she infuriated the ladies of the press by snooting them; she tangled with a sizable bloc of her constituents, the Danbury hatters, when she allowed herself to be photographed without a hat; she did herself harm politically by an interview in The New Yorker telling how she was unable to get a cook, and had to content herself with a stupid cook-maid who kept using the wrong plates.

Mrs. Luce's relationship with her husband's three influential magazines is complicated, peculiar and sometimes a little nightmarish. The Lucepapers were more than kind to her candidacy, Time even covering it with a story that omitted the name of her incumbent opponent as too trivial to be newsworthy. In some respects, however, Mrs. Luce's candidacy was hurt by Mr. Luce's magazines. Life in particular set the Anglophiles against her with its Open Letter to Britain, and the prohibitionists with its attack on the WCTU, and Mrs. Luce had to keep explaining to the Daughters of the British Empire and the rest that Mr. Luce was just another fellow of the same name. On the other hand, both Life and Fortune have taken cracks at "globaloney," Fortune even referring to it as "ill mannered." What gives this situation a certain macabre humor is the fact that Russell Davenport, who probably wrote the attacks in Life and Fortune, is generally assumed to be Clare's political brain-truster, and it is at least not impossible that Davenport helped her on the globaloney speech.

Roughly, the political line of the Lucepapers is similar to that of Clare herself. Henry Luce tried the same sort of unhappy trial balloons in his American Century exhortation and the Letter to Britain that Clare did in the "globaloney" speech and the Letter to Franklin, and like her he seems to have pulled in his horns and gone off in another direction. Davenport, who wrote the Britain letter and possibly the American Century

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article, came out in a recent Fortune piece for a return to the principles of McKinley and a "non-imperialist expansionism."

The common pattern of Clare's speeches and Henry's papers has been opportunism, a regular blowing with the wind. If the swing seemed to be rightward, toss off "globaloney" or an American Century; if it went the other way, yell for labor and liberalism. Some of Clare Luce's brief record in the House has been remarkably courageous and progressive; she voted against continuation of the Dies Committee and was one of the eleven Republicans who voted against the Ruml Plan and for the Robertson-Forand bill. Yet this good voting record has always been interlarded with the most obvious sort of publicity-seeking, bad taste and exuberant reaction. Perhaps the clue is that neither policy succeeded in bringing her the support of the people it was aimed at. Her gestures toward labor and liberalism have left labor solidly against her and liberalism at least deeply distrustful, while her plays for reaction have made her more laughed at than supported.

The chief support the globaloney speech got was from the isolationist press, which probably infuriated Mrs. Luce by welcoming her home to roost. Actually, in terms of consistent content, the speech had said little. It had raised the spectre of British domination of the airways and called for American domination in reply, while denying that it meant any such thing. It managed to offend liberals without coming out for any sort of rounded program to please reaction. It was, in fact, the type of much of Clare Luce's public behavior, a loud noise followed by a dull thud.

It is perhaps a shame that Mrs. Luce should have been identified so thoroughly with the term. She has a vast potential and is probably due for a brilliant future, having, as everyone knows by now, an incredible combination of beauty, brains, talent, wealth and influence. Her brilliant future will probably not be in politics, however, unless she is prepared to stop sending up rockets, develop a set of consistent principles (preferably liberal) and stick to them.

POTOMACUS

A Trade Unionist on F.D.R.

As the days dragged by and President Roosevelt delayed action on the Smith-Connally bill, we men of the shipyard suspected that the President was waging a war of nerves against us. Most of us thought that he would veto the bill, if for no other reason than that to do otherwise would threaten to cut off from the Democratic Party the organized support it has received from the trade-union movement. We felt that in delaying action, the President was punishing labor for its wartime demands and its efforts to upset the War Labor Board, and particularly punishing John L. Lewis and the miners by a war of nerves.

We did not like this, for the simple reason that with all the fuss made over the Atlantic Charter and the Four Freedoms, the miners still remain unjustly underpaid. We resented what appeared to be pure arrogance on the part of the War Labor Board, which prevented a settlement when Lewis and the operators seemed well on the way to an agreement striking at the base of the whole mine controversy: inequitably low wages which could be increased without having an inflationary effect. We believed that the President was allowing personal enmity between him and Lewis to overshadow his historically sympathetic attitude toward labor. Moreover, we could see in the mine case the futility of non-striking labor's effort to adjust its wages to rising prices. The WLB, an agency appointed by the President, was simply saying No.

Some among us held to the view that the President was playing a strictly political hand: that he had decided to cast labor aside and appeal to the middle-class and soldier vote. Those who held that view believed that he would sign the Smith-Connally bill. In every conclusion, anti-Roosevelt feeling was running high, and at no time in his career was the President less popular with the rank and file of labor than in those last few days when the bill was on his desk.

Well, we know now where the President stands—and where labor stands in this war. We are indebted to the Seventy-eighth Congress for having clarified the issues confusing us. The greatest demoralizing force that can befall men—not knowing who is your friend and who your enemy—has been removed.

It is now clear, after the action of Congress on the anti-strike bill and food subsidies, that President Roosevelt was not backsliding. The worst that can be said of him is that he made concessions to reaction in order to keep peace on the home front, and to prevent a shattering blow against liberalism and labor.

What we labor people failed to realize was the tremendous power of the opposition. As far as appraising the political temper of the country is concerned, we have been a bunch of babes in the wood. The congressional veto that shocked us to our feet had been on its way a long time, but we hadn't seen it. It started months ago, not in Congress, but in the backwater states where the Christian American Association used the state legislatures as a testing ground for the Smith-Connally bill. While the progressive and labor sections may cry "Shame and Fascism!" now that the bill has become law, it is well to remember that this measure was

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in substance already law in at least seven states before Congress ventured to crucify Roosevelt on it.

There is, and no use denying it, a national reactionary trend repudiating every principle and ideal for which the war is being fought. While our people have been busy in the shipyards and war plants delivering the goods of the greatest armament program in history, and our soldiers abroad have been going from one victory to another, reaction has been slinking around the dark spots of the nation waging a war of its own. The idea of decrying these forces as "isolationist" or "labor-baiters" or "Southern Democrats" is all wrong. It tends to separate them in the public mind, when in reality they are not separate. They are a 100-percent-organized, unscrupulous, power-lustful, prejudice-stirring octopus whose one big tentacle reaches for the White House while its little tentacles beat up a diverting hell on the home front, and its belly-gland, the Republican press, squirts camouflaging ink.

The vote against labor and for high prices not only revealed the power of the group, but also lumped the separate reactionary forces together and exposed them for what they are—anti-Peoplists. It is not my contention that every congressman who voted for the Smith-Connally bill over the President's veto is a fascist, although I can say that that is the name conveniently applied to him by the rank and file of labor in the absence of a better name.

What is important to the workingman is that President Roosevelt did not run away. In the midst of desertion by members of his own party, in the heat of the "crucify labor and the people" campaign worked up by the anti-Peoplists, the President stood his ground. There is a psychological reaction among working people which the Right will never understand: it is sympathy and identification of ourselves with the underdog. We are not people who love only winners—a man can lose with us and still maintain our respect and loyalty. Under some circumstances, he becomes even a greater man for having lost.

This has been the reaction among the men in the shipyard where I work to what anti-Peoplists term the "two-fold rebuff to the President." Efforts of reaction to turn a congressional stampede against Roosevelt into a people's trampling of a loser aren't working out. The gloating editorials over the "presidential defeat" incense and enrage us. It wasn't President Roosevelt that Congress defeated: we were the people they bludgeoned, and God knows we have it in our hearts and souls to strike back.

From doubt, confusion and actual suspicion of the President's wartime maneuverings among wages, prices, labor and capital, we have swung fanatically to his support. The kicking around we've suffered under his price-wage policies doesn't seem so bad now—the reactionaries who forced these conditions are out in the open, and the President is being kicked around with us.

The President's contention in his veto message that the Smith-Connally bill would cause strikes rather than prevent them would have been true if he had signed it. A labor movement already on edge and holding back strikes more out of loyalty to Roosevelt than anything else would have blown its top. Labor leaders would have been unable to keep the rank and file in check with, "Stand behind the President and he'll stand behind you!" The rank and file had grown so tired of "holding the line" on the wage front that they had christened it "holding the bag." The reason that the bill, when passed over the presidential veto, did not cause such a reaction and a burst of wildcat strikes was because of its method of passage.

While the Smith-Connally bill has been first on the lips of indignant labor men, the vote to kill the OPA is a close second. They are one and the same thing: legislation victimizing the common people for the benefit of anti-Peoplists. Smith-Connally was the political arm, the vote against food subsidies, the economic. While organized labor has the rightful privilege of being angriest, having been struck by both fists, we are not unaware that we can find support for our anger outside our own ranks.

We men of the shipyard don't have much energy left over for political activity after a forty-eight-hour week on the destroyers. The point is that, inactive as we may be politically between elections, nevertheless we are citizens between elections as well as on election day. Certainly what has been happening in Congress does not represent our interests or our views.

The theory that labor could fight a one-front war has fallen through. We would have liked to carry on our building of planes and ships in the peace of American unity. This we cannot do, for while we are making the weapons to protect all of our citizens and ourselves, the anti-Peoplists have been sapping us from behind the lines. There is no alternative but to open another front—a People's front against the anti-Peoplists.

This does not mean that we are going to quit our jobs tomorrow and proceed down to Washington to knock Congress over the head, or that we are going a-rioting against the Christian American Association, though we may in time get around to both. I have noticed in my own union the beginning of what form our fight will take. Now it is quite young, just the faint stirrings of a political awakening.

I will predict, though, for those gentlemen of the Right who set out to "get Roosevelt" that a vigorous new labor-liberalism will shortly make itself felt behind the President, supported by labor, consumer and the anti-race-hatred groups. The President will in turn make adjustments on the wage front, and a campaign exposing war profits will replace the campaign against labor and the common man.

VICTOR H. JOHNSON

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Washington Notes

Congressional Balance Sheet

CONGRESS HAS GONE back home. Let me try to explain what that means.

Here is the town of Flat Rock, in Indiana. It lies smack in the corn-hog territory and has about 5,000 people. In the center of town is the limestone courthouse, with the Civil War soldier in front and the dome on top. Main Street runs down to it. There are maples round Memorial Park. There are benches in front of the stores, where men in shirtsleeves sit and cogitate during the noon hour. The big brick high school takes in everybody from the shoemaker's son to the banker's daughter. The architecture is hideous, with one exception—the little Memorial Library.

Everybody in Flat Rock gets enough to eat. There aren't any major problems, once the corn-hog price is right. Everybody sits on piazzas in the evening; the fireflies dance like a curtain before the maples in the park, or down by the old swimming hole in the Little Flat Rock River.

All right, that is the town. Its boys are at the front. And now the congressman, who has been cooped up here in Washington in close proximity to 500 or so of his fellows, living in a stuffy hotel suite, baffled and dismayed by inexplicable economic and governmental problems, hot, sweaty and uncomfortable, hating Roosevelt and labor because he lacks enough imagination to hate the Axis, has got out of it and gone home. Just as he arrives comes news of the Sicilian offensive. Washington seems a long, long way off.

Is that important? I think it is very important. Congress was getting irrational and psychopathic. Some of its acts in the final week could not pass the test of reasonable motivation. Why did a House committee kill the Guffey Coal Act? Everybody wanted it, the operators, the miners, the administration, The New York Herald Tribune. Apparently the committee killed it because they knew John L. Lewis favored it. It was a queer standard to take.

I know farm-bloc congressmen who were really alarmed because letters from farmers had dried up. They were voting for what the four big old-line farm organizations told them to vote for, but they had a sneaking suspicion that this didn't represent the farmers. And the normal trickle of constituents' letters, which are so important to congressmen, had stopped. Apparently the farmers were too busy to write, or too confused. No wonder, when the Senate reversed itself four or five times in as many hours.

I think, too, there was a breakdown in press interpretation. At the last of it, newspapermen were not really "covering" Congress. They were chronicling votes taken, motions put and bills passed, which is not the same thing at all. Without interpretation Washington news is worthless. The interpretation is generally done by columnists, news commentators, "trained seals." They depend for news on the humble leg-men. But the leg-men couldn't tell them what was going on. It was all too fast and too complicated. Newspaper space was limited, too, and things like roll-back subsidies take time to explain. Toward the end the press was covering the war better than it was covering Washington.

What did this past congressional session prove? Well, I have three general impressions. In the first place, we got about what we expected after last fall's election. That is, a partial liquidation of the New Deal. The National Resources Planning Board, the NYA, the Federal Crop Insurance program, the Guffey Coal Act, the OWI's field service, the dollar-devaluation power, were all killed. The FSA is tottering. Labor was hit with the makeshift anti-strike law which is a trouble-breeder if I ever saw one. Complete congressional indifference to New Deal philosophy was exemplified in the failure even to glance at the "American Beveridge plan" of social security.

The second underlying fact was congressional indifference to, or sympathy for, inflation. In passing eighteen great appropriation bills, with a total of $110,000,000,000 of new expenditures, Congress didn't pass one revenue bill. Quite inadvertently, Congress did raise a couple of billions in passing the pay-as-you-go tax plan, but that was an accident. Congress repeatedly passed measures, like the Bankhead bill (stopped by veto) to puncture the wage-price ceiling, in the interest of farmers. Indifference to inflation was shown in slashing OPA enforcement funds from the $175,000,000,000 budget figure to $155,000,000,000.

The third tendency of Congress was to pass funds unstintingly for the immediate war effort—and to stop there. Congress has been widely praised for passing these big bills. But a vote against them would have been a vote against the war. Congress isn't against the war. As to what comes after the war, Congress hasn't an idea. It killed the NRPB, the President's post-war-planning agency. And it took no action on post-war international collaboration, either through the Ball-Burton-Hatch-Hill resolution or the tamer Fulbright resolution.

That is a general picture of the session so far. The administration has definitely lost control of the House, but maintains a semblance of control in the Senate. One bright spot is the hard time Mr. Martin Dies is having. The Kerr Committee and the Senate both treated him contemptuously. Dies is desperately looking for a good new lynch-mob victim since the anti-subversive racket is playing out. He is tentatively aiming at the interned Japanese Americans, and will probably later have a fling at the Negroes, from the angle of New Deal "coddling."

What does it all add up to? I can only make an interim report here. Congress has gone home. The Sicilian campaign has started. The folks in Flat Rock have sons or relatives in the army. They will give Representative X a lot of new ideas. Representative X has been trying to liquidate the New Deal. Whether he continues the job when he comes back to Washington again will depend a lot upon what his constituents say. And who will decide their views? In large part that will rest on Mr. Roosevelt.

Can the President improve his prestige by military success? Can he bring order into his own Cabinet? Can he take the public into his confidence, and explain to them in one-syllable words what a subsidy is, and how it works? Can he win over his natural allies, the white-collar millions, in a fight on inflation? There never was greater need for educating the public. And there never was a better opportunity than right now, while congressmen are back in their own constituencies. The next move is Mr. Roosevelt's.

Washington T. R. B.

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Tinkle

DOING NOTHING that would disturb a Fascist, the Hays Office or the State Department, and doing what is left listlessly and ineffectually, "For Whom the Bell Tolls" will ring nothing but the box-office register, and may not ring that. There is nowhere in it the slightest attempt to justify or explain why a school teacher from Montana was blowing up a bridge in Spain in 1937, with the help of Spanish guerrillas, or why the Loyalists were fighting the Rebels, what the Loyalists stood for or what their enemies stood for, what Robert Jordan stood for, or Pablo or Pilar. After this failing, it fails to project any feeling of love—and the love between Maria and Jordan is half of the movie's physical content. Nor is there any greatness of scene: the environment of mountains and snow country seems if anything to make the thing more phlegmatic. And finally the characterization is smudged, almost inconsequential. The movie is full only of badly made-up and costumed character actors from the world over, brought together into one room without any key to their relationships, so that the inside of the main setting, a cave, is too much like a café and too little like a place that a half-dozen people have inhabited. The talk between people seems too loud, or too fast, or too florid; everything jerks slam-bang, comes and goes abruptly, without order. The most amazing fact is that the hero, Gary Cooper, is not in the picture, not a character at all, but someone standing outside the story watching it.

Yet it was a film which above all others had the chance to show feelings and ideas that are alive today. The essence of its theme is the fight against fascism, the fight "for all the poor in the world, against all tyranny, for all the things that you believed and for the new world you had been educated into." And it not only had the chance, it was the chance: it was a picture that had been allotted millions of dollars, which shot an immense amount of material and used one of the most striking arrays of talent ever brought to a film.

I have never felt that a picture suffered more from the restraints and frustrations of movie-making in Hollywood—not only from censorship, which came from all quarters, but from the pressure of having to get a thing done before you felt right about it, of hurrying to make what had to be long, tedious and expensive. Add to this the astounding ballyhoo and the anxiety therefrom that pursued the picture, making it almost a public property, from the day Hemingway published it as a book. Censorship killed the theme. It is Spain, 1937, the civil war; but the movie takes no side, no one is called right or wrong (the word "Fascist" isn't even mentioned), there is the ignoble impression that these people are seriously, intently, killing one another for no discernible reason at all. Authorities on decency ruined the love story. It is almost more than one can stand to see how this love is turned into talk, into undercover manipulations of scene in an attempt to say both that Jordan and Maria slept together and that they did not.

The over-all incapability—whatever its roots outside the movie—is due inside to the ineffective showing of anything, of its heart particularly. Most of it is talk, uninspired and delivered erratically, and where the event is shown it is presented in a half-hearted way, almost unwillingly. The reason for this, I think, is that the picture fails to switch the word images of the book into completely told screen images. For instance, the battle of El Sordo and his men on the mountain top is, as a part of the movie, so little explained, so badly cut, that its place in the story is unjustified; likewise, the flashback to the guerrillas' early days is again insufficiently shown and completely useless to the film, since it not only failed to get across any great image of the first day of a revolution, but failed to explain Pablo, ostensibly its reason for being there. The situation which builds to the climax is a major one. It involves two separate events: that of Maria and Jordan making love and that of Andrés making an anxious journey to get a vital message from Jordan through enemy lines to his general—and it is done by cutting back and forth from one event to the other in the manner of "Intolerance." But in one event there is no love-making, and in the other there is no anxiety, and in the whole there is no quickness, no sparkle in editing, to carry the thing along.

I am not sure how much of the picture's peculiar lack of effect is the result of its technicolor. I myself find it difficult to take seriously a movie made in technicolor: profundity seems out of key with the carnival spirit of the color, which is always gay and bright, masklike, without substance. Nor am I sure how much of its stiffness and unmaneuverability is the product of technicolor. For a picture of Sam Wood's direction, it has a strange lack of ability to move in and out of and around a scene to get everything clear and full. It either shoots the image long or close, but never in interrelation. This is apparent in the laying of the dynamite at the bridge, which is a good thing in this movie, but too meager in documentation.

The moments that are good come out sporadically in the playing. Ingrid Bergman brings luminously to life her ecstatically satisfied love, which has a soft, blossoming loveliness, making Cooper's seem something thin, hard, almost not there. Her projection of Maria's parting from Jordan is so magnificent it at last creates the extremity which such a foreshortened love affair as theirs demanded. Katina Paxinou as Pilar has some good moments, particularly in explaining the love life of an ugly woman and in expressing a knowledge of the new love between Maria and Jordan. Lilo Yarson, as Joaquin, is perfectly cast as a sensitive Spanish boy. Mikhail Rasumny gets in some hurried examples of a gypsy, and Konstantine Shayne as the Russian, Karkov, lights up everything before and after him with a studied, deliberate intensity of good acting. But in the main the playing is deviled by the anxiety to be like the character in the book without any of the necessary time to do it in: so that such things as Paxinou's deep, hard laugh, Rasumny's gleeful glances, Bergman's ecstatic smile, are so concentrated, in such heavy doses and so precipitately, as to give the effect of desperate people trying to create something, anything, before the camera turns away. Cooper is an enigma in this movie. By cutting all that Hemingway put into his mind and replacing it with nothing, they obliterated him. And unfortunately the Cooper failing is always present: the special speech, one fancy with thought and idea, comes out of his mouth with almost hysterical unreality.

So "For Whom the Bell Tolls" is a failure—perhaps Hollywood's most exasperating refusal to fulfill any of its obligations.

MANNY FARBER

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The Bandwagon

It is reassuring to learn from Washington reports that there has been no mistreatment of Mexican citizens in the "zoot-suit" clashes at Los Angeles. If men of Mexican origin were involved in racial clashes there, they were American citizens, for whom the Mexican government need have no concern. – *An editorial in The Journal and Courier, Lafayette, Indiana.*

The 1942 vote for Republican candidates was the outpouring of spiritual hunger. – *Mrs. Ann Scott Wilson, in an address to the State Federation of Women's Republican Clubs, in Rochester, New York, as quoted in The New York Times.*

Anti-Climax

One glance at the news of each day will reinforce the obligation which rests on the labor movement to exert every sinew in the job of beating down the fifth-column attempt on labor's life and on the life of the nation. We read, with each issue of our daily papers, of racist riots in key production centers, of the continued machinations of Lewis and his lieutenants, the overtime conspiracy to smash the roll-back of prices, along with "Japan first" drivel and assaults on "Mission to Moscow." – *Louis Budenz in The New Masses.*

For He's a Jolly Good Fellow

Labor in New Jersey has the patriotic duty to make clear to the people that outworn conceptions, if carried over to other historical periods, can prove of incalculable harm to the cause of progress and the chief issue of today, the nation's war. Such a misconception continues to exist with regard to Frank Hague and so-called Hagueism. – *William Norman, secretary of the New Jersey Communist Party, writing in The Daily Worker.*

That All-Out Effort

Thomas J. Watson, president of the International Business Machines Corporation, has made sure that he will not benefit from the war. The company's proxy statement, released yesterday, revealed that the board of directors had approved his request that his compensation for 1942 should not exceed that of 1939. His compensation in 1939 was the lowest paid under his contract for any year since 1937.

Mr. Watson's extra compensation for 1942 from the regular business, other than munitions, would have been $524,299 if he had not insisted on the change. Actually he received $325,549. Plus salary and director's fees, his income from the company last year was $428,189. – *From The New York Times.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column; $1 will be paid for each item used. Address Bandwagon, care of The New Republic. Please enclose the original clipping. – THE EDITORS

Correspondence

Catholic Hypersensitivity

SIR: Any rational Catholic should felicitate you on your editorial, "Catholics and Liberals," in the issue of June 7. The moderation of its tone sounded the note of reason which we all need to hear. Many of its observations are well founded and should be well taken. Very true is it that too many Catholics are hypersensitive to criticism of themselves or of their Church. As if Catholics, with the rest of humans, do not suffer from group faults, or as if the policies of the high officials of the Church have been always an epitome of Solomon's wisdom. And so I am glad you said this in so calm and carrying a fashion. I have been saying it and writing it for long. (*Cf.*, America, March 27, in correspondence, "Spanish Extremism," and April 24, page 81.)

There are explanations of this oversensitiveness, of course. There is a large element of Irish extraction in the American Church. Splendid patriots and Americans as they can be (though not all of them are always this), certain types of Irish are sensitive and divisive and can take no criticism. So it is with certain types of Latins and Slavs. Thus Spaniards have shown themselves so divisive that they have not been able to organize successfully a republican form of government. The republic of 1873 as that of 1931 collapsed in a welter of bloody chaos. Had our own founding fathers been as emotional, sensitive and divisive as some of these others, our great democracy would never have been born. It is a question of the difference of race, and we historians have not given this point sufficient consideration. Upon the cohesion and realism of the Anglo-Saxon has been reared the fabric of our American republic.

It saddens me when I read of the diatribes of oversensitive Catholic editors against Mr. West and The New Republic. I think that also Dr. McMahon, upon calmer reflection, will consider his letter [June 21] to you as overemotional. . . .

We doubtless all have our faults. But the moderation you speak of is most constructive; and tolerance and charity are Christian virtues. Apply this philosophy and we shall all succeed.

PETER M. DUNNE, S.J., Chairman, Department of History
The University of San Francisco, San Francisco, Calif.

The Tawes Case

SIR: Your issue of June 21 contained an article entitled "Gasoline for Politicians," relative to the matter of J. Millard Tawes, Comptroller of the state of Maryland, who motored from Crisfield, Maryland, to Fort Benning, Georgia, in violation of OPA regulations restricting the use of gasoline. It is clear from your article you think the case was disposed of politically, for you observe "The state OPA hastily whitewashed Mr. Tawes"; and "the politicians stood together in defense of one of their own number."

I hope the facts contained in this letter will convince you that your view is incorrect and that the case was handled by the Maryland OPA impartially and justly. Whether this letter changes your view or not, it happens that the Maryland OPA is non-political. We have the right to resent the imputation of base motives.

The trip was, as your article states, first called to public attention by Rives Matthews, the editor of The News, published in Somerset County, Maryland. At first, there seemed to be a violation of the pleasure-driving ban. In accordance with our customary procedure, the state OPA referred the matter to the War Price and Rationing Board at Crisfield, Maryland, where Mr. Tawes resides. During the hearing it developed that Mr. Tawes was using an official ration issued to a state-owned vehicle, not an "A" ration, which latter ration is alone covered by the pleasure-driving ban. It was then clear that the trip constituted a misuse of an official ration, in that the ration was issued for

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state business and was used for the purpose of a personal trip.

When the Crisfield Board indicated a reluctance to consider the charge of misuse of the official ration, this office promptly referred the matter to a panel of three hearing officers, who suspended Mr. Tawes's right to a personal ration for a period of one year and revoked his official ration. Leave was granted to file a new application for an official ration only upon the condition "that any official ration issued hereafter pursuant to permission thus granted shall be limited to the Respondent's [Tawes's] minimum driving requirements for official state business, as certified to by Hooper S. Miles, recently appointed supervisor over the mileage of all state-owned vehicles, or such other person or persons as may hereafter be appointed in his place and stead." (The panel very properly believed that, while Mr. Tawes should be penalized, the state of Maryland should not be impeded in its official work.)

It is surprising that you deemed this drastic suspension as "a light tap on the wrist." Mr. Tawes would no doubt disagree with you. Not only will he have no gasoline for personal use for a period of one year, but his official allotment has been reduced to a minimum.

As to the criminal-libel action that was filed against Rives Matthews, the state OPA, of course, had no connection with that; and had no conference either directly or indirectly with the state's attorney who filed it.

I am enclosing a copy of the recommendation of the Maryland OPA Enforcement Division to the hearing officers, a copy of their order, and an editorial from The Baltimore Sun of June 17, 1943, commending the impartial manner in which the case was handled.

CORNELIUS P. MUNDY

Baltimore, Md. Chief Enforcement Attorney, Maryland OPA

[In an additional letter, Mr. Mundy gives the chronology of the Tawes case in such a way as to leave no doubt that the state OPA acted promptly. We regret that our comment, which was based upon widely published daily newspaper accounts of the case, should have done an injustice to the State Board. – THE EDITORS]

The School-Lunch Program

SIR: Now that Congress, after much wrangling, has finally decided to make a financial contribution to school lunches for the forthcoming school year, let us not relax our vigilance in our efforts to obtain decent, balanced meals for millions of our school children.

Ever since the inception of the school-lunch program, it has been confronted with recurrent crises. First, WPA assistance, which helped to prepare 2,500,000 school lunches daily, was eliminated. Second, the FDA stopped its grant of funds, which amounted to from five to seven cents per meal served. Then the House slashed all financial aid to school cafeterias from the Agriculture Department appropriation bill, but reversed its stand after the Senate had restored the item.

But the struggle to put the school-lunch program on a firm foundation in this country is not yet over. Many of our states ban local boards of education from helping to subsidize school meals. OPA regulations still lump school cafeterias with gin mills, honky tonks and road houses, all classified as "institutions." Only one state, Louisiana, helps the school-lunch program financially.

Today we need this program more than ever before. Mothers are working in war plants, families in boom centers are crowded into rooms without adequate cooking facilities, and four out of ten families have to meet increased food prices from incomes of less than $25 a week. Every survey made tells a story of malnutrition among large numbers of our school children.

Surely the time has come when we must demand of our leaders an end to the perils that have repeatedly beset the school-lunch program. It should be firmly embedded in our national policy that every child should have an opportunity to obtain a balanced lunch. We need also to: (a) set up a permanent program of joint federal-state financial aid to school cafeterias; (b) repeal antiquated legislation barring local subsidies; and (c) have the OPA grant priorities to schools in the purchase of food.

Surgeon General Thomas Parran estimates that 9,000,000 out of 25,000,000 school children are not getting a diet adequate for health and well-being. Thus we have nine million reasons for providing nourishing lunches for our school children.

Newburgh, N. Y. THOMAS C. DESMOND

Save the Jews!

SIR: Liberal groups in Britain are criticizing the Allied Nations because in the midst of our all-out fight against Hitler we are allowing him to have his way with those Jews who are still in the ghettos of Europe. Reliable authorities tell us that men, women and children are being deliberately slaughtered by the thousand, and that Hitler has said, "The Jews will be exterminated."

Is it not time for American liberals also to demand government action? We cannot comfort our consciences with the word Victory, for, unless the Nazis are less black than we believe them to be, the literal extermination of this hapless people will be a prelude to German surrender.

We are not helpless in the matter. The Allied Nations have it in their power to open negotiations with the Reich for the immediate exchange of Jews for an equal number of Axis internees or prisoners. Still better, we could offer Armistice terms *conditioned* on the release of Jews without delay to Allied guardianship.

We of the United States could take down the ironbound restrictions which still prevent the entry of those Jews who have managed to escape from the Reich. It is true, we might lose money by admitting penniless refugees, and we might even lose some military advantage by exchanging Germans for Jews. If we were Shylocks, we might prefer ducats to mercy, and if we were Hitlers, we might cheerfully sacrifice three million innocent lives to military advantages. But we are neither.

Speed is necessary. I think it was a Gilbert and Sullivan potentate who assured the suppliant: "You shall have justice. Within one hour of your death your enemy also will be executed."

Brooklyn, N. Y. JESSIE WALLACE HUGHAN

From The New Republic Mail Bag

The Southwest Council Students' Christian Association have sent us a copy of a letter addressed to Sen. Tom Stewart in which they criticize his statement, "I do not believe there stands today upon the free soil of the United States of America one solitary Jap, one single solitary person with Japanese blood in his veins but what there stands a man who will stab you in the back." They point out to the Senator the dangerous and unsound emotionalism of his statement, adding, ". . . we believe that this war should accomplish the defeat of the body and the spirit of racialism, both at home and abroad. . . ."

We have received, from the soldiers at Camp McCoy, Wisconsin, a copy of a letter addressed to the Mayor of Detroit. The signers of the letter, twenty-five Negro privates and thirty white privates, regard race riots as ". . . stabs in the back while we are fighting our national enemies. . . ."

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The Failure of Verve[1]

I HAVE BEEN WONDERING, while reading Partisan Review's series on "The New Failure of Nerve" (January-February through May-June, 1943), whether there actually is such a thing. In one sense, of course, there obviously is—there is panic on the Left and a feeling of hopelessness which comes from the defeat that liberalism has suffered in the years preceding and attending the war. Yet the movements, philosophies and tendencies which Professors Hook, Dewey and Nagel attack are by no means nerveless ones. They are the familiar movements of philosophical, religious and political reaction, the cults of mysticism and obscurity, the flirtatious mythologies of quasi-fascism, the doctrines of the Catholic Church. These are audacious. A study of the contemporary failure of nerve, it seems to me, would have to examine the motive for man's allegiance to the obscure as well as the doctrine of obscurity itself. The war, I imagine, makes such an assessment of motives difficult. It presents us with a set of motivating factors—all of them bearing on political defeat—which are at once self-evident, no matter how unclear they may be.

The discussion of the New Failure of Nerve is thus a critique of an old phenomenon rather than the discovery of a new one. But there have been many defeats (there is a defeat to correspond with each issue at stake in the war). One can find, for example, motivation for retreat in the purely moral losses the race has suffered. A study of this kind, "Conversation with Nazis," by Roger Caillois (Commonweal, June 25) presents some of the data which Professor Hook ignored in accepting the obvious motives for surrender at their face value. Mr. Caillois points out one victory the Nazis have already achieved: over our assumption of the universality of moral order and good will, of the spiritual community of compassion, kindness, dignity and honor. They have overthrown the ethos of the West not so much by violating it (to violate is still to accept, just as to hate is to resemble) as by showing that the forbidden conception of a moral world completely in reverse is feasible. Even the strongest nerve responds to evidence—evidence of this sort is appalling.

We are inclined to take for granted that demoralization will always be of benefit to the enemy. Why this should be the case, and why the Right, and movements such as Thomism, mysticism within and without the Church, and the whole obscure doxology of reaction should gain from our defeats we are at a loss to explain. No one expected the causes which have contributed to the failure of nerve to create a swing over to liberalism, naturalism and reliance on scientific method. But surely these movements should have something to gain from universal crises, as revolutionary movements, we remember, at one time did gain. The reason, I'm afraid, is that liberalism in thought, as in politics, is equipped to capitalize only on minor catastrophes, itself falling a victim to major ones. Men develop an interest in methods, in problems of means, evidence and validation so long as they enjoy a minimal security for their basic beliefs. When that security is gone, and with it the beliefs, they lose interest in methods of implementation, rushing to find new beliefs. The naturalist and liberal traditions have been losing out in recent years because considerations of means and methodology have lost imaginative appeal.

This is not to suggest that naturalism is responsible for the failure of nerve. But surrounded as it is by areas of waste emotion in which the will is forced to exchange truth for security; existing in a period when cultural breakdown (not to be confounded with historical analogues) has reached a new level in human loss, naturalism must itself be liberated, broadened and extended over the regions of experience in which the dominant anxieties of our time have grown if it is to counteract the failure of nerve in the most important sphere of its actual occurrence—precisely the sphere of nerve, of will. But observe the exposition of naturalism which Professors Hook and Nagel develop.

Central to their exposition, as it is central to the philosophy itself, is the problem of methodology. Scientific method is presented as the only reliable one (which in fact it is) of validating claims to knowledge, of confirming propositions and of evaluating evidence and determining means for the implementation of values. Loss of faith in scientific method is thereupon established as a symptom of the failure of nerve. This is true as far as it goes—men in intellectual panic have abandoned the methods of science and empirical naturalism. But they have exhibited other traits, other symptoms: they have felt anxiety not only for the truth of certain propositions but for the world itself in that non-propositional, vague, metaphysical anguish which is nonsense technically, yet morally often the watershed of sanity. Or they have, at the point of death, begun to yearn for immortality, God and "eternal things," discovering a religious emotion which, even though it be the mask of fear, still bears the features of genuine experience. These yearnings may be transgressions of the scientific or empirical temper of mind, they may, surely, be obscure, but as experiences—not as doctrines—they are on a level with all immediate experience and no more obscurantist, nor allied to reaction, than any involuntary apprehension of the spirit. These data neither invalidate nor surpass the claims of scientific method. But for that very fact I can see no reason in ignoring their status in experience, or in attempting to eradicate or correct such tendencies by a recital of the methods of scientific inquiry. Except as whipping boys, they have received no recognition. The central problem of the failure of nerve is seen as the knowledge-relation—as though yearning were to be dismissed as an illegitimate form of inference.

What is at fault here, in an avowedly non-metaphysical philosophy, are certain metaphysical hangovers. The empirical tradition, which has devoted itself to the critique of rationalism, has nevertheless taken over from rationalism one of its uncritical premises: the supremacy of reason. This results in an oversimplified construction of the human personality. It is assumed, in the greatest degree by Professor Nagel, that the formal exposition of the program of reason will be a sufficient condition for halting the flight from reason. He therefore finds it unnecessary to devote his

[1] This is the second of two articles on "The Failure of Nerve." The first, "Marginalia," by Malcolm Cowley, appeared in last week's issue of The New Republic.

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attention to the irrational, not only as a constituent of the failure of nerve but as a dominant factor in personality. He is satisfied to show that the intrusion of irrationality into thought results in error, forgetting that men live primarily by their mistakes. Thus what exists in the human personality as emotion and need—the need for moral security, for belief—is acknowledged in his philosophy only as a deviation from an arbitrary standard of rational behavior, while its intellectual expression is dismissed as nonsense.

There is a narrowness of doctrine in the official position of empiricism which the more difficult emotions betray into perplexity. Normally taking little account of esthetic, imaginative data, of the sources of poetry, art and playfulness, as well as of suffering, the official position fails both in its assessment of the causes of the failure of nerve and in its appeal to sensibility. It offers only methods and canons at a time when the Church offers salvation, when fascism, mysticism, metaphysical sociology, or even simple cloud-gazing, dangerously unrivaled, offer emotional values. There is an admirable stoicism in its adherence, in default of wider accommodations, to the methods of science—but it is the stoicism of simple diet. Somewhere it has missed the richness, the variety, pleasure, tragedy, the sheer possibility of experience. It has overlooked man's legitimate spiritual orphanage in attacking the false asylum of the Church. And it has had its own failure of nerve —or better still, a failure of verve.

ISAAC ROSENFELD

Books in Review

American Scholar

DURING HIS LIFETIME, James Henry Breasted received a full share of academic honors. He was a corresponding life member of the Prussian Royal Academy of Sciences, a foreign member of the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres, an honorary member of the Bavarian Academy, a historical-philological member of the Danish Royal Academy, a corresponding fellow of the Belgian Academy and the British Academy. California and Princeton each gave him an LL.D. and Oxford made him a Doctor of Letters *honoris causa*. Millions of American high-school students have read his "Ancient Times," and some of them must have been deeply impressed, for it is written with an enthusiasm rarely found in textbooks. He changed our picture of the past, but the author himself never made an impression on the popular mind. Breasted is not even widely known among writers outside his own historical field. For example, his name does not appear in the index to Parrington's "Main Currents." It is not once mentioned in Alfred Kazin's "On Native Grounds," although the book devotes careful attention to other Americans who are not regarded primarily as literary figures: Veblen, Dewey, Beard and William James. In his own way, Breasted was as important as any of these.

You might also say that he was more intensely American. In a sense, he combined all the types that are associated with Midwestern life in the nineteenth century: he was at the same time a promoter, a business executive, an evangelical minister, a country boy and an absent-minded professor, but most of all he was a frontiersman. "Pioneer to the Past"[1] is an admirable title for the biography of Breasted that his son has written. It tells the story of a man who explored four thousand years of Egyptian history exactly as if he were riding into the Rockies in a covered wagon.

He had a curious background for an Egyptologist. He was born on August 27, 1865, in what was then the little village of Rockford, Illinois. His grandfather, with whom the family lived, had a Yankee passion for trading: "Again and again he bought and sold merely for the sake of buying and selling." He lost his fortune at last by trying to double it in Colorado silver. The grandson, after attending a one-room school, worked his way through the nearest college by clerking in a bank. Graduated with a degree in pharmacy, he found a job waiting for him in an Omaha drugstore. Later his knowledge of simple remedies proved useful in dealing with his Egyptian workers. His training as a bookkeeper was useful, too, for Breasted was the first man to organize archeological expeditions on a business basis, almost as if he were founding a major industry.

At the age of twenty-two, he became convinced that his real mission in life was to preach the Gospel. He enrolled in the Chicago Theological Seminary and immediately plunged into the study of Hebrew. He wrote Hebrew words on little cards and mastered them one by one, like a banker counting dollars. His progress was so rapid that the president of the seminary advised him to become an Orientalist. That led to his studies at Yale, under William Rainey Harper, and at Berlin, under Adolf Erman, who was then the greatest living Egyptologist. Breasted himself was poor, single-minded and incredibly naïve. As a teetotaler he couldn't understand why the Germans insisted on drinking beer. He complained in a letter to his family, "You cannot get water to drink anywhere in Germany without enormous trouble." His Aunt Theodocia replied, "What *does* it mean that one can get no water? What do they cook with? Have they no fountains in the city? I am sure God will leave no community without water!"

In "Pioneer to the Past," Charles Breasted tells the whole story of his father's life, with its early triumphs, its years of academic obscurity and then the series of brilliant expeditions that began in 1919, when Breasted was fifty-four. "Oh, if I were only ten years younger!" he exclaimed when he first heard that there would be money for new researches. The son was his companion on most of these later journeys, and tells a vivid story of hardships, discoveries and political intrigues. Nobody has written more interestingly about the battle over Tutankhamen's tomb. The only thing omitted from this excellent biography is some notion of Breasted's real importance. It is as if the son stood

[1] Pioneer to the Past: The Story of James Henry Breasted, by Charles Breasted. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 446 pages. $3.50.

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too close to see it, or as if a feeling of family modesty kept him from talking about it.

And Breasted's greatness—I think he justifies the word—is hard for a literary critic to define. Of course one can list his scholarly achievements: the history of Egypt, published in 1906, that has never been superseded; and the collection of ancient Egyptian records on which he worked for eleven years; and the many translations of Egyptian documents, including the Edwin Smith Surgical Papyrus. In a sense he was responsible for all the scientific publications of the Oriental Institute. He planned and promoted the Institute (getting the money from his friend John D. Rockefeller Jr.) and supervised its excavations from Egypt to India. But scholarliness and executive ability were not his only virtues. Something more was needed in order to change our picture of the past: a continual sense of excitement in his writing; an imaginative warmth that kept it from being merely informative and (in spite of his evangelical style) made it literature of a high order.

Breasted himself believed that his real achievement was his last book, "The Dawn of Conscience." It advances his theory that "conscience emerged as a social force less than five thousand years ago," and that the development of character is "a transformation of human life which can be historically demonstrated to have begun but yesterday." These are large assertions, and the text of the book does not wholly support them, even when we find that Breasted is using the words "conscience" and "character" in a special sense. But the book proves other statements that are almost as sweeping. It proves, by quoting many documents, that the Egyptians underwent a spiritual crisis during the time of troubles that followed the Pyramid Age. It proves that they lost much of their faith in material achievements and developed a new ethical system (along with the hope of salvation by a messiah). It proves that the first universal religion—that of Ikhnaton—was briefly established during the period when the Egyptians were also trying to found a universal empire. It proves that Egyptian ethics and the new monotheistic religion had a deep influence on the Hebrews, and that parts of the Bible are based on Egyptian sources. In other words, to quote from Breasted's introduction, "Our moral heritage . . . derives from a wider human past enormously older than the Hebrews, and it has come to us rather *through* the Hebrews than *from* them. The rise of man to social idealism took place long before the traditional theologians' 'age of revelation' began. It was a result of the social experience of *man himself* and was not projected into the world from outside."

Breasted had lost faith in Christian theology, but he had retained his ethical principles, and he was looking for some new way in which they could be justified. The new sanction he found was that of human history. He believed that Christian principles of conduct, instead of being divinely revealed, were slowly developed as a result of social experiences that could be traced chiefly in Egyptian, but also in Babylonian and Hebrew history. It is interesting to note that Freud was working along somewhat the same lines, and that his last book, "Moses and Monotheism," was largely based on Breasted's researches. Both men were approaching a position that might be described as a historical and evolutionary humanism. In the present period of religious wars, that position has something more than a merely historical meaning.

MALCOLM COWLEY

Recent Books on France

The Road to Vichy: 1918-1938, by Yves Simon. New York: Sheed and Ward. 207 pages. $2.25.
War in the West, by Daniel Vilfroy. Harrisburg, Pa.: Military Service Publishing Company. 163 pages. $2.50.
A French Officer's Diary: 23 August, 1939-1 October, 1940, by D. Barlone. Translated from the French by L. V. Cass, M.A. New York: The Macmillan Company. 156 pages. $2.
Vichy: Two Years of Deception, by Léon Marchal. New York: The Macmillan Company. 251 pages. $2.50.
Life in Unoccupied France, by Neville Lytton. New York: The Macmillan Company. 95 pages. $1.40.
France, by Pierre Maillaud. New York: The Oxford University Press. 138 pages. $1.25.
The Fighting French, by Raoul Aglion. New York: Henry Holt and Company. 309 pages. $3.

CONSIDERING THE MAGNITUDE OF THE EVENTS, it is surprising how few good books we have had on the fall of France and the rise, and fall, of Vichy. Thinking back, I can recall none by an American since Thomas Kernan's "France on Berlin Time," and the less rare books by Frenchmen—and women—have been too often marred by superficiality or egocentrism or a taste for scandal or an excess of partisanship which has blinded their authors to many of the important facts and more of the implications of them. We have had altogether too much from these authors about who was sleeping with whom and who was paying whose bills and not nearly enough about the underlying causes, political, economic and social, of the decline of France. And, with the exception of Kernan, who was publisher of the Paris edition of Vogue, not a single American journalist stationed in France has produced a book on the disaster.

In part, of course, this must be because so few of them got out. Lansing Warren of The New York Times, Taylor Henry and Mel Most of the Associated Press and Herbert King and Ralph Heinzen of the United Press were all arrested by the Germans at the time of the total occupation and are now interned at Baden-Baden. But Percy J. Philip of the New York Times Paris Bureau and John Elliott, who represented The New York Herald Tribune in Paris and later, for a while, at Vichy, both reached the United States a long time ago, and both might have been expected to produce books; yet neither has. And Gaston Hanet Archambault and Daniel T. Brigham of the New York Times Paris staff are now both at Berne, where it would presumably be possible to write books but difficult, perhaps, to transmit them to America.

Whatever the reason, the fact is that we have had to rely for the most part on the French themselves to explain the causes of their country's defeat and tell us what has happened there since. The latest crop of books on France is no exception to this rule, for all but one of them are by Frenchmen.

In saying this I do not of course mean to imply that there is anything necessarily regrettable about it. A year ago, when so many of the books which were appearing on France were impassioned outbursts, or "inside stories," a volume or two from a hard-boiled American journalist

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might have helped to right the balance. But since then Frenchmen have had time to reflect, and the reflection has notably improved the quality of their work.

Thus Yves Simon's "The Road to Vichy, 1918-1938" is a thoughtful analysis of the social decay which preceded the military defeat. Dr. Simon claims, quite rightly, I believe, that France was beaten before the war started, and in his short book he attempts to say why. As a Catholic teaching at a Catholic university, he is perhaps inclined to attach more importance to the Catholic influence in French life than it deserves; but it is good to see him confessing that the Church was wrong in its attitude toward the Spanish civil war. From that time on, Dr. Simon says, an exaggerated fear of communism blinded many Frenchmen to a much greater and more imminent peril, that of Nazi Germany, and in the pursuit of what they imagined to be the interests of their class, many Frenchmen neglected the interests of the nation, with the result that in the end all classes alike were at the mercy of a brutal conqueror.

But it would be false to conclude, as Vichy has tried to prove, that the French people were themselves so corrupt and pleasure-seeking that no high command could have welded them into an effective fighting force. No better study of the military causes of the defeat has yet been written than Daniel Vilfroy's "War in the West." While stating that "the government administration, the military and war industry must share the burden of responsibility for the debacle of 1940," Mr. Vilfroy lays on the French High Command "the whole burden of responsibility . . . for the strategical conduct of operations, which was as disastrous as the preparation for war." By clinging so doggedly to the doctrine of a defensive war and by preparing solely for such a war, and inadequately even for that, the High Command, he believes, doomed France to military defeat at the hands of the Germans, whatever the policy of her previous governments might have been.

In a journal which he kept during the war months, and which has only recently been published, a captain of the Second North African Division, D. Barlone, comes to much the same conclusion. Captain Barlone defends his own troops with the warmth of real affection, and places the blame for the defeat even more squarely at the door of the High Command than does Vilfroy. It was among his fellow officers, and not among his men, that Barlone found poor morale, defeatism and a tendency to shift blame.

Today the men who were perhaps more than any others responsible for the French disaster are enthroned at Vichy, where they are engaged in collaborating with the enemy of their country, to whom they owe such power as they are permitted to enjoy. There has been much difference of opinion about the ultimate purpose of the men who formed the Vichy government, and I suspect that there always will be. Probably there was no single purpose. If some men participated in the Vichy experiment from sheer lust of power, others were doubtless prompted by higher motives.

Léon Marchal was one of these, and like most of them he was eventually disillusioned, though he did not leave Vichy's foreign service until Laval returned to power, in April, 1942, almost two years after the "experiment" began. His book is an account of France under Vichy, and, by implication, a confession that all those, including himself, who hoped to gain something by Vichy's methods were

After three months in England where he was acclaimed by the British Press and public as the unofficial ambassador of American Liberals and where he conferred with the Archbishop of Canterbury, Sir Stafford Cripps, Jennie Lee and many other prominent British leaders,

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pursuing a false hope. A diplomat by profession, Mr. Marchal is not given to revealing secrets. But he makes one statement about American policy which is sufficiently forthright to deserve quotation.

"Thus a great price was paid for something that did not require buying," he writes. "The maintenance of diplomatic relations between Washington and Vichy contributed to Marshal Pétain's government, especially in the period immediately following the armistice, an appearance of legality it needed in order to consolidate its authority and its prestige. Moreover, it was this prestige alone that caused the fleet and the colonies to remain faithful to Vichy."

This is strong language, and coming from a man who is in a position to know what he is talking about—Marchal was Counselor of the French Embassy at Washington and had previously engaged in negotiations with Robert Murphy in French North Africa—constitutes as authoritative an indictment of our Vichy policy as has yet been made.

Where Marchal deals with the large events of the Vichy period, Neville Lytton describes the hardships and inconveniences of daily life; and if his little book is naïvely written, it gives us nevertheless a glimpse into what has been going on in many a French village and town since the curtain fell on the Third Republic.

Each of these books provides some aspect of the total picture of the France of our times, but it has remained for Pierre Maillaud to sum it all up in a single slender volume. Here, in a masterly condensation, is the whole story, from the historical, economic and demographic causes of the defeat through the present condition of France to a glimpse into the future. Dr. Maillaud's little book is not a very spicy one. "I cannot," he writes, "accept the relationship between a French Prime Minister and a woman in French society as even a partial explanation of a national crisis, nor can I ascribe to the influence of a few paltry journalists the temporary eclipse of a mighty civilization." But it remains the wisest and the most comprehensive study of the causes of the French crisis which has yet been written.

There is one all-important episode in the recent history of France that is missing even from Maillaud's otherwise encyclopedic treatment: the story of the Free French. It is perhaps no great exaggeration to say, as Raoul Aglion does, that "In the extraordinary procession of events from Clovis to our time which forms the history of France, the epic of the Fighting French is indeed one of the most heroic and amazing exploits." His is the first book-length account we have had of the Fighting French movement. If his official position as a member of the de Gaulle Foreign Service has sometimes prevented him from expressing himself freely, it has not prevented him from giving us a richly informative account of the great movement of which he is a part.

I am sure he will forgive me for making his closing words my own:

> It is to the eternal honor of General de Gaulle and the handful of soldiers and others who followed his banner that in the darkest hour of the life of the French people they unflinchingly stood for duty, honor and sacrifice. . . . They have proved that spirit is mightier than the sword, that hope is possible even in the face of despair, and that a people though dragged into the lowest depths, will never perish if they have the will to survive.

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Not Bread But a Stone

Autobiography, by Frank Lloyd Wright. New York: Duell, Sloan and Pearce. 561 pages. $4.

THIS IS WRIGHT'S SECOND AUTOBIOGRAPHY, which puts him one up on Benvenuto Cellini. The new and enlarged addition lacks the typographical distinction of the first: it seems wordier, harder to read because of the overlong type line, and the solid blocks of paragraphs make the many purple passages seem even more aortic.

Rereading this work after ten years, I am impressed by the formlessness, the lack of proportion in the whole or its parts, its banality of expression—all the things that are so contrary to the extraordinary expression of form, proportion and delicate, interwoven beauty of statement that make Wright's architecture the greatest of its generation.

The first part, dealing with the Lloyd-Jones family and life in Wisconsin, still is the best. That life, so hard physically and so extraordinarily full spiritually, is made vivid and engrossing; it is a picture of the genuine American scene, fine Jeffersonian democracy mixed with Welsh sternness in the fertile lands and hills whose place names even were praise: Spring Green, Black Earth, Rich Land. Wright has always returned to Spring Green, in spite of fire, terror and the law. Taliesin is perhaps his finest work, the most deeply felt and most truly integrated. There is no intellectual pretense about Taliesin; it is there, like the hills, and you take it or leave it, like the hills.

This identification with nature, the magic that Wright

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can do with inert materials, seems a compensation for his failure in personal relationships. The Autobiography is startlingly clear about this, for not a person he has known comes alive, nor does a single anecdote reveal: people have touched his heart but he has never entered into theirs, nor heard other rhythms than those of his own pulse. So the record is hollow. Only material things, wood, stone, fired clay, Japanese prints, things inert and masterable, are real and comprehended.

This mastery and comprehension are largely intuitive. The architecture grows and flowers, the trusses of the workshop of the Fellowship, the dendriform columns of the Johnson factory, the extraordinary marriage with the desert which is Taliesin West, defy analysis—most of all defy Wright's analysis. His praises of his own work do not clarify either the processes of thought or the feeling which motivated them. The final integration between life and work is never made. The essence of Frank Lloyd Wright, after all the words, is not in the life he has lived nor the book he has written, but in the architecture he has conceived.

What he has to say that is vital about architecture is in "In the Cause of Architecture," the Princeton Lectures, the many papers so ably edited by Gutheim in "On Architecture." What is left over, here, in the way of talk about architecture is neither well said nor important to the story —or else, like "The Autobiography of an Idea," it should have been all the story. Sullivan was a man of intellectual integrity and penetration if not much inventive capacity (the Ornament is just frittering), whereas Wright has enormous exuberance and creative power. The one has left a fine book, the other will leave great visual harmonies.

No, the new Autobiography, revised and enlarged after ten years, still does not take its place between Cellini, whose great gift was for life, and Sullivan, who has left a proud and shattering record of a delicate and sensitive soul—although the author is a far greater creator than either.

HENRY S. CHURCHILL

Our Submerged Tenth

The Negro's Share: A Study of Income, Consumption, Housing and Public Assistance, by Richard Sterner. New York: Harper and Brothers. 424 pages. $4.50.

DR. STERNER continues the documentary study of the Negro in American life under sponsorship of the Carnegie Corporation with Dr. Gunnar Myrdal as general director. The author, a distinguished Swedish social scientist, was selected to prepare this volume on the assumption that, as a foreigner, he would be "free from presuppositions and emotional charges" in regard to the Negro. Dr. Sterner contends that raising the level of living of a submerged group to that of more favored groups is not only desirable for humanitarian purposes, but is also profitable as an economic objective.

"The Negro's Share" consists chiefly of analysis, correlation and cautious interpretation of statistics and data compiled by public and private agencies on the Negro as producer and consumer, on his income and expenditures, family composition, housing conditions, participation in the public economy, and on his level of living as determined by these social and economic factors. Publication of this study in a period of flux tends to invalidate much of its statistical data. However, there is no current evidence to indicate any basic change in the relative position of the Negro in the American economy. He remains at the bottom of the economic ladder.

The Negro's share in the American economy has been drastically curtailed by long-standing racial prejudice which restricts his opportunities to acquire skills and not uncommonly denies him opportunity to use such skills as he may possess. Underemployment and wage differentials as well as unemployment keep his level of living low. In turn, lack of opportunity fosters inertia and cynicism.

Negroes and other low-income groups represent a vast potential market for needed consumer goods which until

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recently were regarded as surplus. A substantial increase in income, Dr. Sterner points out, would enable them to purchase needed food and clothing which they have been unable to buy and which not long ago the producers were unable to sell. The market thus created would not only raise the level of living but would also contribute to economic stability. Moreover, it would reduce the heavy drain of public assistance upon the public economy. During the depression, from 30 to 60 percent of the Negro families in Northern cities were on relief. The percentage in the South, and particularly in the rural areas, was much lower, not because of less need, as Dr. Sterner demonstrates, but because local attitudes imposed a more rigid means test upon Negroes than upon white persons.

While indicating that the government's housing policies "have given the Negro a larger share of the benefits than any other major group of public-welfare agencies," Dr. Sterner asserts that policies in public housing have "strengthened rather than weakened housing segregation." In private housing, he observes, "the emphasis on ordinary business principles by federal housing agencies has the effect of increasing segregation." Despite contrary experience in public housing, these agencies have concurred with private developers in the opinion that Negro occupancy depresses real-estate values.

Dr. Sterner does not mention the Negro's efforts to enlarge his share of the national economy through such activities as participation in the labor movement, business enterprise, consumers' boycotts and political pressure. Nor does he indicate the extent to which residential segregation compels the Negro consumer to pay high prices for inferior goods in the neighborhood stores.

"The Negro's Share" presents no new findings or radically different interpretations. The statement of the problem and the evaluations are consistently restrained. The book has value, however, in that it brings together in a unified whole many scattered data on the economic status of the Negro. Its value is further enhanced by the inclusion of numerous tables and readable and informative appendices.

HENRY LEE MOON

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